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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ROMAN ECHOES.

A Correspondent, Dealing with the Irish Question, Defines the Pope's Attitude.

He Will Not, in Future, Interfere in Irish Politics Unless Called Upon by Both Parties.

(Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.)

THE PAPAL COURT.

The Holy Father, on Monday morning, received the newly elected general and the procuring-general of the Barnabites On the same day the Rev. Father Valentine, postulator of the cause of beatification of the blessed perboyre, together with Mr. Rolland, the young Irish artist who painted the portrait of the blessed martyr for the ceremony of beatification, were received in private audience by his Holiness, to whom they presented a magnificent oil painting of the neo-beatified, the work of the same clever artist. On the same day (Monday) the Rev. Father Francis, of Loretto, preacher apostolic, commenced the usual course of sermons for advent in the august presence of his Holiness, assisted by the members of the sacred college of cardinals, the archbishops, bishops, prelates and other members composing the pontifical court. The illustrious Father Denza, to whose care is entrusted the new Vatican observatory, in a private audience with his Holiness, presented to him his new astrological map, executed at Paris. On Friday, the Feast of St. Nicholas, the Holy Father received the Very Rev. Henry Canon Lattanzi, of the Basilica of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*, who presented the Pope, in the chapter of the above basilica, with the traditional offering of blessed bread on the occasion of the feast of St. Nicholas of Bari.

THE ANTI SLAVE-TRADE COMMITTEE AT THE VATICAN.

On Saturday morning the Holy Father received the members of the Italian Committee of Direction of the Anti Slave Trade. His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi as honorary president, presented each of the representatives of the committee to his Holiness. His Excellency Prince Respighigi, acting president, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Volpini, as ecclesiastical assistant, were the first to be admitted to kiss the sacred foot. They were followed by Paul Altieri, Prince of Viano, and Comm. Philip Tolli, vice presidents; the Marquis Charles Serlupi, treasurer; Chevalier Attilino Simonetti, Bar. secretario; Count Alexander Cardelli, the Marquis Julius Socchetti, Count Adolphus Pianciani, Marquis Peter Ossoli della Torre, Marquis John Ricci Paracciani, and Count Alphonsus de Solis Cloqni, to each of whom his Holiness addressed words of praise and paternal benevolence.

THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR AND THE SACRED COLLEGE.

At noon on Sunday his excellency the Duke of Baena, the new ambassador from Spain to the Holy See, paid a visit to his Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, as Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals. His Eminence received his Excellency with all the honors due to his exalted position, and on Monday morning returned the visit at the palace of the Spanish Embassy.

IRELAND AND THE HOLY SEE.

The presence of Sir J Linton Simmons, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the English Government to the Holy See has given rise to much disquietude and many and various absurd and unfounded rumors about the action of the Holy See with regard to the Irish question. No little consternation has been spread in the camp of the friends of Ireland, many taking it as a foregone conclusion that by no means the least important part of Sir J. L Simmons' official mission would be to carry on the secret and officious mission of Sir George Errington with regard to Ireland; and also to make arrangements for the establishment of permanent diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the British Government. The case is quite different. I have learned from the most reliable and authentic sources that neither Ireland nor permanent diplomatic relations between the two courts form any part of the negotiations to be treated by the present British Legation to his Holiness. Furthermore I have been assured, unofficially, it is true, but on such high and incontestable authority that it has all the weight and authority of an official declaration, that after mature and most serious deliberation, the Holy Father has decided that his future policy with regard to the Irish question will be: "To abstain totally from any interference whatever in merely political questions unless invited to act as arbiter by both parties concerned; but if consulted, to advise the adoption of calmness and solely constitutional measures on the part of the Irish, and the concession of full and speedy justice on the part of England; and what is more, no intrigues or power on earth will avail to move or alter the above decision of the Pope."

With regard to the establishment of future diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See, not only is it absolutely denied both by the members of the British Legation and at the Vatican that the treatment of such a question forms any part of the business under the mutual consideration of the parties concerned; but the fact is evident *a priori*. Sir John Linton Simmons, from the fact of his having been governor of Malta, and indeed the only person living who has held that position under the British crown, is evidently qualified to treat from personal knowledge of Maltese affairs. But one might justly presume, from his never having held any diplomatic position nor received any diplomatic training, that the preliminary steps for the establishment of permanent diplomatic relations between courts, which would require the capacity of a keen, well trained diplomat, would be far beyond the best qualifications which we could possibly presume the present Minister and Envoy Extraordinary of the British Government to rejoice in the possession of.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

On Monday a solemn high mass and Te Deum was sung in the Teutonic National Church of Sta. Maria dell' Anima, in thanksgiving for the fortieth anniversary of the accession of H.I.H. Francis Joseph I to the throne of Austria. The ceremony was celebrated at the desire of the administrators of the Pious Teutonic Foundation, which established a perpetual fund on October 2, 1888, to pray for the safety and prosperity of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, and for the entire Imperial House of Austria.

THE GERMAN PILGRIMAGE.

Most certainly the truth of the old English adage that "actions speak louder than words," and its Italian equivalent, which says "words prompt, but example draws," receives yet another verification from the effects of the late pilgrimage of the toiling sons of France to the feet of the Holy Father and the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. The example of these pious French sons of labor has struck a kindred and sympathetic chord in the hearts of their German confreres. Two pilgrimages from that gigantic neighbor of France are announced as soon to wend their way to the Eternal City to pay their homage to their imprisoned and cruelly persecuted spiritual Father, Leo XIII. The first will be composed of members coming from the different Confederated States of Germany. The second, following in the wake of the first, will be exclusively Bavarian. They will be lodged, more or less, in the same places as their French predecessors; and a committee to cater for their wants, and to ensure the provision of everything necessary to make their pilgrimage in every way a success, is being formed by the German Workmen's Catholic Association, already long established in Rome, and counting a large number of members among its associates. There is every reason to hope and expect that the undertaking will be crowned with the same signal and striking success which attended the advent of their French forerunners.

THE POPE OF TO-MORROW.

By a special decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Indices, signed by Camillus Cardinal Mazzella, prefect of the above congregation, and Father Hyacinth, O. P., *a secretis*, of the same congregation, dated Friday, Dec 6, 1889, a most calumnious and absurd production of a certain Jean de Bonnefon, entitled "Le Pape de Demain," published by E. Deatu, Paris, is placed on the index of forbidden books, and it expressly prohibits "the reading or keeping of such condemned and proscribed book by anybody of whatever class or condition, in any place or language whatsoever, under the penalties intimated in the index of forbidden books."

ENGLISH SERMONS IN ROME.

On the Sunday afternoons during Advent a course of English sermons is being preached by the Rev. Father Arkell, S M., at 4 p m., in the beautiful English Church of St. Sylvestre *in capite*, next to the General Post offices. The church, after being closed for a long time, has been restored and opened under the direction of the Fathers of the Pious Society of the Missions, in which they conduct services for the English speaking colony in Rome. The same good fathers have supplied a want long felt by priests coming to Rome for their health or to prosecute some particular branch of studies. They receive priests and ecclesiastics in their beautiful new palace, fitted with every accommodation, and provide them with board and lodging on the reasonable terms of from 100 to 150 francs a month.

THE LABOR CRISIS IN ROME

Owing to the great lack of means, many of the extensive building operations set on foot in Rome have been discontinued, thereby throwing a large number of hands out of work to swell the already enormous ranks of the unemployed. The consequence was that only by large and prompt reinforcement of the different police forces responsible for the maintainence of public order, who were well supplied with arms, was the catastrophe of a repetition of the destructive scenes of Feb. 8 last averted by the authorities. They are now sending away all the unemployed not belonging to Rome to their native homes. Already over 600 have been sent to whence they came.

DEATH OF A NIECE OF NAPOLEON I.

A telegram from Ravenna announces the death of the Princess Louise Murat, widow of the late Count Rasponi, daughter of Joachim, ex-King of Naples, and Caroline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I, Emperor of France,

About Jury Fixing.

[*To the Editor.*]

SIR: When they talk of "jury-fixing" should not both sides of the matter be ventilated? Was not there a systematic effort to fix the jury in the Cronin case made by the newspapers that influenced public opinion to condemn all Irishmen and a great association because of the acts of a few criminals? Was not there a systematic attempt made by the sheriff's officers to fix the jury when they rejected every Irishman and Catholic and summoned Orangemen and persons that the prosecutors believed to be likely to hang any accused Irishman? Was not there a systematic attempt to fix jurymen when relatives and reporters and policemen had access to their room and carried messages and news back and forward?

If jury fixing is a crime, as I believe, let all the jury fixers be put on trial; for it is a graver wrong to fix a juror to hang than to fix him to acquit. W.

LOVELY WOMAN.

Something of Interest to Her From Her Friend Eleanor Kirk.

The "Divided Skirt," and the Comfort it is Alleged to Bring With it.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Dec 30.—There is no place in America where women are doing a better work for each other than in this city. The president of the Club of Working Women, the Brooklyn Guild, the Young Woman's Christian Association, and the Good Will Club, must have felt proud indeed when summoned to the law office of the philanthropic Judge Downing to receive from his hands the deed of a splendid great house and beautiful and spacious grounds for a summer home for the girls in which they are all so interested. This house is finely situated at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It is a glorious gift, and such women as Mrs Dr Sheppard and Mrs. Judson will know how to wisely administer the affairs of such a property.

There is to be an organization in Boston, called the Bellamy Woman's Club. I do hope they will think better of this name. Why not call it the Woman's Nationalist, or something of that kind? The bright women who are converts to the new idea of nationalizing all our industries, should take warning by the Seidl Club of this city. Herr Seidl, I am informed, did not know that the club was to bear his name, and being a modest man, was not over pleased with the compliment, and, being a wise man, foresaw that the ladies would constantly labor under the imputation of hero worship, and that this would be more or less fatal to good work. The slightest hint of sentimentality on the part of women who feel themselves called upon to stand side by side with their brothers in settling the affairs of the nation, will work mischief. The fact is, we are called to business. Let us transact it in a business like way.

A friend of Dr. Talmage indignantly denies that the reverend gentleman kissed the Pope's toe. "In the first place," says "Dr. Talmage only went into public assembly, where he wore shoes and stockings like any other respectable man, and beside, he wasn't within forty feet of him."

What difference could shoes and stockings and distance make to a man who always preaches without notes, and whose sermons are dispatched to every corner of the earth before they are delivered? Why, Dr. Talmage could have kissed the Pope's toe from his study in Brooklyn if he had thought of it.

Right here I would like to say that if any writer sends me MSS to examine in pencil or pale ink, I shall fire them back as fast as the United States mail can take them. Many of my clients seem to think that the eyes and nerves of a professional critic have no need to be considered. But I think differently. My eyes and my nerves were given me to take care of, and I propose to do it. Others imagine that I have so much time at my disposal that I can examine their work without money and without price, and so every day I have stacks of matter without any fee enclosed and in many cases without stamps for return. Now, I have placed this reading fee within the reach of the masses, and hereafter MSS unoccupied by the required sum, will be dealt with according to the rules governing the affairs of all reputable periodicals. Those who are ignorant of the rules can easily send for circulars and inform themselves.

There seems to be the greatest possible curiosity about the divided skirt. Everybody wants to know what it is like. Imagine a full petticoat, gathered on to a yoke which buttons on to a Union suit. The skirt is divided from the hem to the yoke, the garment being put on like drawers. This skirt is warmer than the the ordinary petticoat, relieving us of the weight which has been so tiresome and so hostile to health. A divided skirt never wobbles, nor interferes with locomotion, nor slops in the mud. With a divided skirt, a woman can carry a lot of bundles, a bag and an umbrella, and throw in a baby, if circumstances render it necessary, without any of the old discomforts. Now, a word about union suits. The woman who once wears these easy, bandless, adaptable garments, will never go back to the old vest and the drawers tied with a string, or fastened with buttons that are too loose sometimes and uncomfortably tight other times. I omitted to say that the divided skirt looks like any other skirt after it is on, and my readers need not fear any Dr. Mary Walker effect. It is on the contrary, graceful and decidedly womanly. If it were not, I should be the last one to advocate it, for I believe it the bounden duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can.

This brings me to the subject of paint and powder, and I realize that I am on very weak ground, but as I am prodded with questions on this subject, what can I do but answer as well as I can? To begin with, I do not see any beauty in a painted face. To me there is something radically wrong about the girl or the woman who is willing to daub her face in such a fashion. It not only shows an inordinate vanity, but it is disgustingly nasty. I believe, however, in taking the very best care of the complexion, and by pure and natural means making it as satisfactory as possible. I think it perfectly legitimate to get rid of pimples and avoid wrinkles, and to use any preparation that is positively known to be healthful in the endeavor. But the woman who goes into the street powdered and rouged to insure to be suspected of being worse than she is.

A correspondent asks why Elliot F Shepard's paper is so often called "The Mail and Distress?" I give it up. Perhaps if the inquirer would send for a copy of this moral and religious newspaper, he might find out for himself.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Three Bishops Ordained.

ST PAUL, Minn., Dec. 27.—Three new bishops were consecrated here to-day. They were: The Right Rev John Shawley, to be bishop of North Dakota; the Right Rev. James McGolrick, to be bishop of the diocese of Duluth, and the Right Rev. Joseph Cotter, to be bishop of the diocese of Winona. The ceremony was conducted by Archbishop Ireland. The Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American college at Rome, was present, as were about twenty-five other bishops The Rev. Walter Elliott, of New York, preached the sermon.

The new bishop of Duluth, the Right Rev. James McGolrick, has been, up till to-day, one of the foremost public men of Minneapolis. Born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1844, he was educated at All-Hallows college, Dublin, and there ordained a priest in 1867. He came to St. Paul in the year. For a short time he was assistant priest at the cathedral, and was then transferred to Minneapolis, where he succeeded in building up the largest parish in the Northwest.

The bishop of the new diocese of Winona, the Right Rev. Joseph Cotter, was born in Liverpool, England, in 1844, and came to America when three years of age with his parents. His first and only charge has been at Winona, where he has been stationed since 1871, the year he was ordained by Bishop Grace.

Bishop John Shawley was born at Albion, N. Y., in 1853, and four years later came to St Paul with his parents. When seventeen years of age he went to Rome, pursued his theological studies at the American college, and was ordained priest in 1874 by Cardinal Patrizi. On returning to St. Paul the year following, Father Shawley was appointed assistant pastor of this cathedral, and in 1875 succeeded to the pastorate on the election of Father (now archbishop) Ireland to the Bishopric of St. Paul.

That night a banquet at the Ryan hotel of an informal character was tendered the numerous clerical delegations from all parts of the country. Bishop Ireland was toast master, and the bishop elect responded to "Our New Bishops," "The Clergy," and kindred sentiments.

Among the guests were the following named prelates: The Rt. Rev. Henry Cosgrove, Davenport, Ia; the Rt. Rev. Joseph D. Dwenger, Fort Wayne, Ind; the Rt. Rev. Otto Zardetti, St. Cloud, Minn.; the Rt. Rev. Silas Chatard, Vincennes, Ind; the Rt. Rev. John E. Foley, Detroit, Mich.; the Rt. Rev. John Vertin, Marquette, Mich.; the Rt. Rev. J. L Spalding, Peoria, Ill.; the Rt. Rev. Thomas Bonacum, Lincoln, Neb; the Rt. Rev. James Ryan, Alton, Ill.; the Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, Wichita, Kan.; the Rt. Rev. R. Scannell, Concordia, Kan.; the Rt. Rev. Martin Marty, Sioux Falls, S. D.; the Rt. Rev. William Fiesch, La Crosse, Wis.; the Rt. Rev. F. X. Katzer, Green Bay, Wis.; the Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the American College, Rome, Italy.

Their Silver Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Rend gave a reception last week at their residence, No 153 Ashland avenue, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of their marriage. The rooms immediately assigned for the guests were tastefully decorated with plants and exotics, and made a most pleasing effect.

Above the mantlepiece in the drawing-room where the reception was held "1864" and "1889" was wrought in roses, carnations, and camellias. The chandeliers were festooned with smilax, and in the hallway an inviting bower was formed of hyacinths, smilax, and white carnations in festoons and wreaths. On the center of the table in the dining-room was a massive silver bowl filled with yellow roses and maidenhair ferns artistically arranged. Frieberg's orchestra, which supplied the music, was screened behind the bower in the hallway.

Mrs. Rend wore a dress of white brocade trimmed with ostrich feathers and tulle. She was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Minnie Rend, and her son, Mr. Joseph Rend. The former wore a dress of embroidered muslin, desoiree, yellow, and diamond ornaments.

About one hundred and fifty guests were present. Among them were: Mayor and Mrs Cregier, James Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lasher, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hessing, Mr. and Mrs. R. McLaughlin, Mrs. Matilda Carse, Miss Kimball, Miss Prindiville, Miss R Lonergan, Miss A. Pinkerton, Miss Byrne, Gen. and Mrs. Fitz Simons, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Walker, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. G. Billings, Mr. and Mrs. John Cudahy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Crane, Mrs. Scully, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Prindiville, Mr. and Mrs. Judge Clifford, Mr. F. G. Jewett, Mrs. F. O. Bartlett, Mr. J. J. Byrne, J. B. Irwin, E. L. Burke, the Rev. Father Cashman, the Rev. Father Twomey, and J. Rappall.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

The Chicago Hotel.

No. 156 South Clark street, near Madison, is centrally located, perfectly clean, and strictly respectable, situated over Brockway & McKee's celebrated restaurant, and yet you can get a room to yourself on the first floor for only 50 cents, baths free. Try it. P. S. CONDON, Manager.

LAY LOGIC.

An Elaborate Discourse on Catholicity Before the Catholic Knights

By Mr. Con Maloney, a Prominent Citizen of Kansas City, Mo.

The following was read recently before the Catholic Knights of America at Kansas City, Mo, by Mr. Con Moloney:

"There are no sects or "isms" to the Catholic. In matters of faith, he is removed from the sphere of disputation, and dwells tranquilly in the calm consciousness of right knowledge. Doubt upon some unimportant point of moral action, a question of whether he may or may not have done some venal wrong, may for a moment harass him, being like other men, but human; but such momentary doubt can never, in the nature of his creed be dragged along into prolonged disquiet, and the implicit submission to authorized spiritual direction spontaneously replaces him with even firmer footing for the doubt on the broad and level plane of one faith, one doctrine, one code of morals on which with myriads of co-believers it is his privilege to move.

"I, in Kansas City am a Catholic, he at the antipodes is also one; as also is he and he at the extremities of earth's transverse diameter; and when I say we are Catholic, I mean it literally and absolutely in every article and dogma of our religion—place us four together, strangers in all but faith on the smallest superficies, whereon we may stand, and though we have never seen, may never have heard of each other before, the word "Catholic" spoken in our midst conveys to each and all the same fundamental meaning, recalls the same religious practices, the same mode of worship; the same tongue of prayer.

"There are no bickerings as to high church and low church, broad church, ritualism, and what not else besides, among us. Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, these bugbears of the self sufficient theologian are to us void of terrors As with space, so with time and in all ages is the Catholic one. The mass I hear, and the sacrament I receive is even the same as St. Patrick said and consecrated when, centuries ago, he visited the tribal fastnesses of my pagan forefathers; and did I meet the holy man on earth again, and kneel before the altar where he presented his sacrifice would not be unfamiliar nor his teachings strange.

"In social life, upon the other hand, unity among Catholics is to all intents and purposes unknown. There is a far wider gulf parting rich Catholic from poor Catholic, in everything but faith, than that which separates rich churchmen from poor churchmen—indeed the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Anabaptists, and the Quakers, and the Shakers, and the Schweinfurthites, and the Swedenborgians and all the hosts of other fragmentary sects congregate together socially in ways the Catholics think not of emulating. They have their tea fights and their literary clubs, their "deestrik skules" and their sewing societies and series of other institutions of like kind, all well organized and well endowed, and zealously attended; and indeed they need them. That which has but small vitality needs careful tending if the spark of seeming life is to be more than temporarily vivified into apparent reality; and well do all the votaries of sect appreciate the circumstances of the case and leave no trial unmade to perpetuate the religious fad that obtains among them.

"What parallels have Catholics to these efforts to cultivate social equality and extend church influence? None, or scarcely any. Embracing in its fold all peoples, encircling with one vast band of faith the earth forever, while earth is, what necessity has the church of Christ, for such extraneous efforts at proselytizing? Here are my precepts, says the church, through her teachers; here are my rules of life; here the articles of faith, they are one with those Christ gave to the apostles, one for yourself and Him remotest from you; accept that which I offer you and tread the way; the path is an easy one, one step taken in the right direction and the goal is heaven.

"Are you poor? Bless your poverty for its paucity of tendencies to evil; are you rich? Use that which is given you as a trust for good; liberty to do everything within this, beyond this no dictation, no inducements offered.

"There is one point of view, perhaps, and one only from which this position by the church as composed of Catholics individually appears to suffer. It is this: in those countries in which the form of government is Republican, the spread of religion might possibly be aided by organized attempts to bridge over among believers by social organizations and converse sanctioned by the church, those social differences which must arise among people who know each other equal in the eye of law, and are yet made by force of circumstances to perceive the vast distinctions, almost exteeding to the formation of a plutocracy, which the unequal distribution of wealth and position of wealth and position breeds among them. But even this is an issue to be dealt with by Catholics individually and in no wise by the universal measures of the church.

"In the sphere of politics again, still less is unity a characteristic of Catholics. All seeking political revolution by moral means are tolerated by the church; it is only when political vagaries result in hide-bound fanaticisms looking for new things with violent methods, that she puts her ban upon their adherents; but for no school of politics has she more than toleration; to none does she give explicit sanction; obedience to the powers that be, the preservation of order and law, reverence for the sanctity of human life are moral axioms to her children, and provided they live up to these for the rest, they are fancy free to tread whither their trend of thought inclines. Among Catholics may be sought and found monarchists, the most zealous; republicans, the most earnest; constitutionalists of every shade of opinion, the oneness of their faith, being the sole but unbreakable bond between them.

"Regard awhile the present attitude of French and Irish, those most Catholic of peoples. In the land of Gaul are there not Legitimists and Bonapartists, Orleanists and Opportunists, Boulangists and Revisionists, and other less easily definable congregations of political creeds; and in each and all of them may Catholics be found. Boulanger is Catholic, so is Carnot; so is the Comte de Paris; so is Prince Victor; and are not these types of hostility in politics? Yet who is there, who knows what Catholicism is, who would aver did these four assemble in the same church that differences in faith and worship could be found among them? With firm refusal to espouse the political cause of either one or other of the four; for each of them in the faith has the church an equal blessing.

"See Ireland next. Even among the politically heretic Unionists, none may deny that there are some sincere Catholics, and saddest spectacle of all, are there not to-day in this their adopted country, children of Irish birth, and of the same true faith seeking to destroy each other? Not content alone to politically worry the weak ones of the faction they do not approve, they would hound them with their harsh and unjust judgements from the sphere of life itself. In their effort to redeem from oblivion the political schism to which their adherence has been given, they forget that vilification of individuals cannot be the end of their denunciations, and that they are holding up to the laughter of the frivolous and the horror of the serious, the spectacle of younger Ireland, torn asunder by her own children in that land which of all others has done most to extend towards her the hand of equal friendship. O, ye times, ye manners, thou dream of Roman justice when men are judged not innocent though unproved guilty; and the tongues of the many clamor loudly for judgment and condemnation. Why this is so is difficult to determinately say. Generally it must be attributed to the proneness of humanity to evil, but it is no wise a reflection upon Catholic unity.

"The church, it cannot be too distinctly understood, cannot in its nature legislate on local, national or even race issues. In her every day ruling as Catholic she must be universal. To suggest a remedy for such a condition of affairs is no easy matter. The cultivation of respect for others' views, toleration for opinions we regard as fallacious, the memorizing of the plea hidden in the poet's phrase—

"Wad to God the gift to gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

"Seem the principles most fertile of hope to Catholics for perfect [illegible] millenium day in politics and in social life as well as in religion. The love among the early Christians of every degree was even as the love among the children of one household, and though the family has scattered in its greatness, into many branches still should the affection among the brethren be the same.

"Write not liberty, fraternity and equality upon your doorsills, but let your hearts be as wax to take up, and as marble to retain these doctrines. Concede to him the freedom you demand for yourself, love him brotherly and helpfully as you would have him love your dear ones were they helpless, and remember above all things the equality that surrounds you all as Catholics, and though you are a millionaire and he pauper, yet you have each but one soul of equal value for salvation in the eyes of the one church, and that the one bond that binds you for ever as brothers in that of Catholic Unity."

Holden Alumni Association Reunion.

The Holden Alumni Association held its fifteenth annual reunion last week at Germania hall, No. 2421 South Halsted street. About two hundred people were present. Before the evening's entertainment began a business meeting was held with Thomas Toomey, president of the association, in the chair. C. E. Piper made an address of welcome. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Joyce; vice-president, Mrs. Thomas McElliott; secretary, Mrs. J. P. Foley; treasurer, James McAuley. The dancing programme of nineteen numbers was then entered upon. About midnight a supper was served in the dining room below, where the following toasts were responded to, in lieu of the literary programme, which was omitted: "The Holden School," C. E. Piper; "The Visitors," Mrs. Barry; "The Girls," W. H. Joyce; "The Boys," Miss Kate Walsh. After the supper dancing was resumed. Thomas Toomey and Miss Anna Kelly led the grand march. The reunion was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the association.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Stack, of Kirkland, Ill., was in the city during the week.

Dr. Wall, a prominent citizen of Montreal, Canada, is visiting friends in this city.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

THE USUAL treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper medical treatment is positively necessary to success but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CONVICT YARD.

It is a cold, foggy, raw morning in the month of March. A grey mist, clammy with rain and exudations from the marshes and fens around, hangs over the dreary courtyard. The black stone walls of the prison, made more bare and miserable-looking by the white mortar that fills up the interstices between the stones, can scarcely be seen at their furthest distance The little heavily barred windows, so black and forbidding—they seem like blind eyes in a pockmarked face—are entirely hidden and blent with the fog, where the prison overlooks the boundary wall. But nearer, where from the black bars painted and glistening with the pitch-like appearance of the silicate, adown which the rain of the drooping mist sootily drips, they stand out in all their forbidding barrenness and massiveness.

The courtyard is paved with square "sets" of stones which, from much walking on by prisoners' feet, have in some cases been worn to the smoothness of flags. It is not very large, but looks even much smaller than it really is by reason of the great height of the walls. Surrounding the walls are little sheds, high enough for a man to sit but not to stand in, with stone seats in them. Here, at odd times in the day, and on odd days, the prisoners sit and pick oakum. Not regularly and as a rule, but on such days as the necessary works of cleaning and scouring have to be performed in the interior, and when they therefore cannot remain in their cells. In the courtyard itself they sometimes, at regulars hours in the day, and everyday, exercise. The exercise consists in marching round and round in a circle, under the keen and scrutinizing eye of half a dozen warders. No word is spoken as they march in this monotonous manner; no word is allowed to be spoken, for the vigilant warders are quick to detect any attempt of that kind, or even a motion or a nod of the head, as the opposing ranks pass each other.

It is a dreary place for us, standing within the gates—which latter, massive of strong sheet-iron, is loop hooked to allow the warders, in case of a tumult or an emeute, firing upon the outbreakers—to look upon for the first time. But how dismal its sight must be to those eyes that have looked upon nothing else for the past two or three or four months—if we except the whitewashed walls of their bare cells!

How bright must the fair world outside look to their weary hearts! How beautiful the vast expanse of blue skies—of which they can see but a little part—spreading to the horizon, with their piled up masses of white and golden clouds? How green the grass! how exquisite the flowers! how bright the streams and rivers, gleaming with the sun rays! What sense of sorrow and sickening deprivation, to know that hours, and days, and weeks, and months, if not years, must roll their slow monotonous course around, before the "time is up," and they walk forth free!

Its power is telling, indeed, if we may judge by its effect upon that young fellow who emerges from the doorway, and stands in the mist in the courtyard. His face is youthful, possibly made to look more so by the closely cropped hair. His form is well-built, lithe, and muscular; but in the nerveless manner in which his eyes seek the ground, and his head bends down, there is ample evidence how fast the spirit and life are wearing out of him; how fast the chilling effects of the monotony of the prison is engraving itself into his nature.

He has not long, however, to stand in his lonely abjectness and depression, for a warder in blue uniform, with a cap, around which is a red band, steps out into the courtway, note-book in hand.

"Number?" he laconically but sharply asks of the convict.

"No. 25," the latter answers with a start. He has evidently been thinking of something far removed from the prison walls; and the quick query of the warder has broken in upon some deep train of painful thought.

"Which division?"

"No. 2."

"How long here?"

"Four months, I think."

"Sure?"

"No; it may be more, may be less. I have lost note of time."

"Age?"

"Twenty-three."

"Where from?"

"Ireland."

"Time of sentence?"

"Seven years."

The convict gave utterance to this last answer with a gulp that showed at once the pain and the dread it occasioned him.

The warder checked the answers, after he had noted them down, with a large book which lay on a small white wooden table outside the door—evidently placed there recently, it looked so incongruous with the black surroundings of the courtyard.

"Right in all but the time," he said. "You're here but two months."

"Two months!" said the youth. "It seemed four or even six. It has been a long too months," he said with an expression of something like weariness and something like fear.

Perhaps it was fear; fear of the seven long years to follow, seven years, which would be seven years of eternity if measured by the length of the past two months.

"Take that bag."

The convict had seen no bag; but, looking in the direction indicated by a nod of the warder's head, he saw that on the little wooden table, besides the open book, there was piled up a great heap of little black bags. Obeying the injunction, he took up one of them.

"Take four rations and put them into it."

He had seen no rations, and looked inquiringly at the warder. Again looking in the direction of the nod, he was surprised to see—surprised in that he had not noticed it before—a large basket at the further side of the table, filled up with pieces of black bread. It was brown originally, but each loaf having been cut into four pieces, and having been a long time cut, had grown hard, and mouldy, and almost black.

Doing as he was desired, he took up four of the black squares and placed them in it.

"Now hang it over your right shoulder and under your left."

While he was in the act of following this order, two men came through the door bearing a something that looked very much like a carpenter's bass, but much larger and apparently very heavy.

He was not long left in doubt as to what this was; for following the two men, came another with a workman's cloth cap on his head, and leathern apron before him

He appeard to be a blacksmith; and almost instantaneously the convict's mind went back to a forge by the roadside in a pleasant county in Ireland. How rapidly it had omtlined itself on his mind!

How plainly he saw the low door, the strong vice outside it, the thatched roof, the circular flat stone with water in the centre, which boiled and hissed and seethed when the red hot irons were thrown therein to cool! How often had he, when a little boy going to school, peeped in timidly, seen the great bellows, the glowing fire, and watched with delight the myriad sparks fly about, as the brawny arms of the smith beat with his big hammer the red hot iron on the anvil! And what a perpetual surprise it was to him that these flying red-hot sparks never fell on the smith's bare arms and burned them!

He was disturbed from these reflections by a peremptory order from the warder.

"Hold out your arm! Don't have me to tell you again."

He had been already told to do so, but in his rapt imaginings had failed to hear the first order. As non attention to, and non obeyance of, an order on the moment was a serious prison offense, he now held out his arm promptly.

"Not the right arm—the left!"

He withdrew his right arm which he had put forward, and presented the left. The smith quickly clasped a hinged ring from which depended an iron chain, on his wrist, locked it, and placing a similar one around his ankle, outside his trousers, fastened the depending chain to it; and with a blow of the hammer turned in the link and secured the connection.

Having thus securely fastened his arm and leg, the smith stood up and, without speaking, entered the prison again.

Very much surprised at these proceedings, which were so rapidly done and over that he was unable to form an opinion as to the reason thereof during the process, the prisoner ventured to ask the warder. He knew very well that that also was contrary to regulations; but his surprise and astonishment overcame all else,

"What have I done?"

The warder looked up from his note-book wherein he was making some remark—probably certifying opposite his name that the work had been properly performed—with a look of isquiry on his face.

"These!" the convict said in explanation, pointing to the fastenings.

"Oh! oh!" said the warder now understanding; "convict ship."

As he said the words another convict, whom he knew well, appeared at the door.

"Stand at the end of the shotyard, No. 25!" said the warder. "Your finished."

Convict No. 25, being finished, however, did not move, and, not moving, the warder raised his eyes in astonishment.

"I beg your pardon," said No. 25, in response to his look, "I don't mean to be insubordinate; but I think—I'm sure—there's some mistake here."

"Mistake?"

"I mean," said the convict submissively, "in sending me to the convict ship. I'm sure I'll soon be released. I'm sure as soon as they'd see—and they were sure to see it before long—that I was innocent, I'd be released."

He spoke very fast, not to give the warder time to interrupt or stop him. But the warder did not interrupt him. He only smiled a curious smile. He had probably heard the same entreaty hundreds of times from hundreds of convicts, and knew what it was worth.

Convict No. 25, taking his smile for friendliness, hastened to seize the advantage.

"Look in the book, and see if there is not some mistake in it. Do, please! I'm sure they don't intend to send me away until they see if I'm really guilty. Maybe it's some mistake in the number, and that it isn't 25 that's down. Do, and you'll oblige me. Do, please!"

There was sufficient of agony and torture in his trembling tones that might have evoked sympathy from the most callous to human torture.

But the warder was accustomed to it. He had seen it, in one shape or another, every month, every week, every day of his life.

Possibly he could not do his work if he allowed humanity to interfere with him. At any rate he did not.

"Take your place in the shotyard, No. 25."

One more despairing effort from the convict.

"Will you look in the book, and see if there is not some mistake? Do? I am sure there is. It's somebody else's number that is down for me. Look! It's so far to come back when they find me innocent, and I am released. Maybe they'd never look for me or think of me if I'm sent away.

Thus, in trembling agony.

"If you don't obey orders and take your place at once, I'll report you for bread and water and irons during the voyage," said the warder, rising.

There was no ignoring this command; and Convict No. 25 slowly and downcastly moved off, and somewhat cramped with his fetters, took his place as directed.

He leaned against the wall at the further end of the shotyard in hopeless despair.

He was going to go, then, away! During all his time in the prison a hope—a slight one, no doubt—had never left him, that, by some fortunate chance, his innocence would be discovered and his release ordered. Every morning when the warder entered his cell, or when at noon he came to measure the quantity of oakum he had picked, he looked up at his face, hoping against hope that he might hear the message of deliverance.

But that little shred of comfort—that weak reed of sustaining hope—was now swept from him. The horrors of the convict ship—in nothing so horrible in that it bore him away for ever from the dear ones in Ireland—were before him. What chance was there, in that horrible land to which he was going, at the uttermost extremity of the earth, that he should ever revisit his own land again? Or, if he did, how should he find those he had left behind? Dead or gone out of the place—perhaps leaving no trace behind them!

Seven years! What a gap in a man's life! How long to look forward to, under the happiest and pleasantest circumstances! But oh! what an eternity it seemed, to spend seven coming years of the brightest years of manhood—when all that is happy and bright twines itself around a young man's heart—in a foreign convict settlement, associated with the dregs of mankind, without the sight of mother or sister or sweetheart to shed a blessing and a halo around him. Seven years!

How strongly every familiar scene in that dear land, between which and himself the broad ocean should soon roll, stood out in his memory! How little of that bleak prisonyard and clinging fog that met his eyes he saw with his mind!

Green valleys, wherethrough the streamlets rolled; gentle hills, whereon the meadow flowers grew and waved; woods, where the broken sunlight fell in golden patches; hedges, wherein the trailing woodbine sheltered and shaded and almost strangled in its embrace the wild moss rose; and faces——

Oh! there indeed the sorrow lay. There was what filled the bursting heart with fire, and that parched the throat dry. Oh! faces loved and cherished! Dearer than aught else in the world, dearer than life itself, how you filled with your airy grace and heavenly sweetness the bleak surrounding of that barren prison-yard—blotting its hateful sight away, that foggy, dreary, March morning.

He was awoke from his happy reflections—and brought back to his agony again—suddenly.

And he was surprised to find that a long row of convicts, similarly "equipped" as himself, stood in a line with him. How cou'd the time have slipped by during which all these men had been equipped, without his noticing it? Alas! so pleasant were these dreams and remembrances that nightfall could have come on him without his awakening from them.

But there was one thing calculated to rudely awaken him from these day dreams.

And that was the coupling of him to his neighbor, the right hand of one to the left hand of the other. Which process effectually banished them.

Then, down the stony yard of the prison square, filing through the fog, like weird phantoms crossing that gloomy and darkened border land that old mythologists told us led into Hades. And with perhaps but as little left of hope or comfort.

Out through the opened gates, and along the miry roads; their chains clanking dully beside them! Tramp, tramp, tramp through mud and water! This peculiar mode of traveling for their being able to step over [illegible] obstacle on the [illegible]

It is hard to beat down hope in the breast of the young for any length of time. Blessed be the hand of [illegible] has instilled its revivifying spirit in the breast of mankind that sheds a halo even over the darkest hours of human sorrow!

So Convict No. 25 found it at any rate. The sight of the open country, shrouded in mist and fog though it was, raised his spirits; and the unceasing march forward, chained though he was, sent the blood rushing in healthy flow through his veins.

Conversation was forbidden; and the four warders, two before and two behind, that walked with shotted guns, guarding them on their way, had strict orders to prevent it.

But in the splash, splash of the men's feet through mud and pools, and the accompanying clank, clank of their fetters, it was difficult to detect a whispered conversation. The men could talk and whisper, not turning to speak to one another, but walking with their eyes looking straight before them, over the shoulders of their preceding neighbors.

Convict No. 25, therefore, walking forward and finding his spirits rise with the unwonted exercise, felt a strong disposition to talk to his companion. He had for the first hour of their dreary march not even looked at him, so occupied was he with home reminiscences, and his gloomy downheartedness But, now that the exercise had driven these feelings away, he felt disposed to open a conversation with his neighbor. It was so long since he had conversed with any one, the silent system being in vogue in his late residence, that the desire grew on him with crushing force.

Glancing around sharply and quickly at his companion, therefore, he noticed that he was an old, careworn man of middle height, with a face of such ghastly whiteness that it seemed to No. 25 to be the most extraordinary color he had ever before seen in human countenance. It was made all the whiter by reason of a thick stubble of black beard that covered it.

Set in the countenance was a pair of eyes, which much relieved the pallor of his countenance by their extreme liveliness and restlessness. They had much the same watchful and frightened expression constantly dominating them, that one might expect to find in a trapped fox.

"I say," said No. 25.

"Better not," said the other shaking with a twist of the connecting handcuffs, the speaker's hand.

"Why not?"

"We'll be heard."

"We can't in this noise of walking."

"They'd hear you thinking, so they would. Leastways they always heard me."

"You're an Irishman, I think."

"So I am."

"So am I," said 25 encouragingly.

"I see that," said his companion, looking onwards, at the back of the man trudging before him—for he was not high enough to look across his shoulder. "I see that. I'd be surprised if you worn't."

Rather wondering at this curious statement, Convict No. 25 asked "Why?"

"Because they're never done transporting them. They ought to have enough to fill Van Diemen's Land by this."

"What are you in for?"

"For having too much money."

"I don't mean that. How long?"

"For life."

"For life!" exclaimed No. 25 with astonishment.

"No talking in the ranks there!" shouted a warder who had, unheard by them, walked forward from the rear to within a few yards.

"What is your number? Oh, yes, 25," said he, as he approached and looked at the number on his cap. "Convict No. 25, I'll report you to the captain for disorderly conduct."

A slight shake of the handcuff by the little man, as the warder passed on to the preceding ranks, intimated as plainly as possible "I told you so; you don't know them as well as I do."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

An Siogaidhe Romanach.

Air leanamhuin.—

"Bhain se giodar as Bhiorra 's as Aonach,
Agus as súd suas go Tuath-Mhumhain Eibhir,
Do rug se creach gan chead do 'n m-Béaria
O Inuis-Coinn tar bheinn an t-sléibhe.

"Thug Portláirge a' láimh go léir leis,
A's Dún-Canáin na g-canál d-taesgach
Loch-Garmann na n-arm bh-faebhrach,
Ros-Mhelc-Tridin a's Dún-bheiane-Eadair.

"'S de Cheill-Chainnich bhain urraim d'fhoirdigean,
Chois na Sionnabha ba neartmhar a gheuga,
Chois Abhan-móire a's Feorach a' n-dúfheacht,
Chois na Beanbha meardha méirsgniche.

"Chois na Sidre a thrdip ba saethrach,
A's ó sin sios as fs go h-Eirne,
Do rinne se áthas a' Ráth-Méidhbhe
'S ó bhaile Atha-luain do fuair se géilleadh.

"A's ó sin siar go h-Iachdar Bhéara,
Do bhris se an balla ag Baile Sheumais,
Chuir se Sligeach air eritheadh le a' fheuchain,
Is leis do ceangladh Gallaibh le chéle.

"Dar mac Duach ba suaire an ogéal sin,
Air gach cuan de chuantaibh Eirean,
'G á ráidh, 'g a luadhadh, 'g á thuar, 'g á leughadh.
Gur cuireadh suas air uachdar an Bhéarla.

"Eogan ruadh air ghuailnibh Gaedhal-fhear,
An t-Og-uasal uanach, aodhearach,
Bratach, busdhach, buanach, béimnach,
Creachach, cuartach, cuantach, crólchtach.

"Dreachach, dualach, dunnach, déireach,
Feasach, fusdrach, fuadach, féastach,
Gaisgeadhach gluasda, gruagach gléasda,
Lannach, luathmhar, luaimneach, léimneach.

"Marcach mórdha, musdh-ghlan, maerdha,
Neartmhar, nuallteach, n-uaibhreach, n-éideach,
Rachtmhar, rusthar-chreach, ruaigtheach, réimeamhail,
Searcach, suaireeach, subhailceach, seunmhar.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

NOTICE—The Gaelic class meets every Sunday, from 3 to 5 p. m., in parochial school hall, Twelfth and Morgan streets. Books can be obtained at the school or from Mr. William Raleigh, 725 Canal street.

THE LAND WAR.

Sad and Uncommon Spectacle Presented by the Unfortunate Tenants of the Coolgreany Estate.

Fortress Kavanagh, where the Evicted Tenants have Maintained their Gallant Struggle Against Land-[illegible] and Coercion.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Such is the encampment of Coolgreany, where the evicted tenants of the Coolgreany estate have been maintaining for the past three years their gallant struggle against landlordism and coercion. The citadel of this encampment is the farm of Michael Kavanagh, the larger of the two farms retained as above described. It deserves its military name of Fortress Kavanagh, and it must become historic. The large slated farm house and regular rows of outbuildings surround the paved yard in three sides of a hollow square. Here no less than twelve families are accommodated—ten in the numerous and roomy outbuildings, two in the dwelling house. Standing in this yard with the sturdy garrison about you, you feel as if you were within the walls of a fort. The position is commanding. Behind is the grazing of Groghan, below is the farm itself in which the stock are kraaled when need be as we have seen, and all around is the shoulder of the valley into which no one can enter without being observed in good time by the vedettes of the garrison. The country all around is held by the enemy. All those whitened fields running right up to the farm are in the landlord's possession. That newly lime-washed cottage over there keeping its eye on the farmyard is a temporary police barrack, placed in this post of vantage by the government which, the obedient auxiliary of the landlord's organization, is devoting as much energy as the Property Defense Association itself to the campaign against these tenants. In that large farm house hard by, once the dwelling of one of the evicted tenants, a detachment of Capt. Hamilton's emergencymen are quartered. There are proportionately more emergencymen on this estate than on any other in Ireland. It is, so to speak, a sort of stock farm for the emergency army. The landlord has given up the estate entirely for the purpose of this fight to the Property Defense Association, the organization which supplies all the emergencymen of the country, except those supplied in the south and southwest by Mr. Smith Barry's Cork Defense Union. The agent of the Coolgreany estate, Capt. Hamilton, is secretary of the association, and the president of the association, Lord Courtown, is chief magnate of the locality, the boss of the magisterial board, of the poor law board, of the grand jury. If ever there was an estate in which the emergencymen might have counted upon having it all their own way it was Coolgreany which was to have been their happy hunting ground, where they were to have been free to roam about in undisputed possession, armed, as Judge O'Brien said, only as men are armed in Texas, and where their police allies were selected with thoughtful solicitatude from the Orangemen of the force with a view of providing them with congenial companions. But Fortress Kavanagh, with the encampment under its wing, has been a baffling obstacle to all their calculations. So long as the tenants hold the fort here in the heart of the enemy's country, and so long as they are sustained as they have been sustained, they may bid defiance to all the conspiracies that ever were hatched between Dublin Castle and the combination of the rackrenters.

And the garrison! What have they not endured, and how bravely, since the struggle began! First the evictions. Now to eviction under the protection of the Plan, having with it only associations of ruin and abandonment, it must have cost them a great wrench to face it with fortitude Moreover, Capt. Hamilton, then confident of striking terror, planned the evictions on a wholesale scale, and brought a regular army corps, headed by the most daring of his emergencymen, to devastate the estate. Nevertheless they met this attack and defended their homes with a gallantry worthy of their ancestors of '98 Then followed the imprisonment of men and women, boys and girls. Then came the ever memorable attack of Freeman and his seventeen emergencymen, armed with their Winchester rifles and their revolvers. Up that field they came—trespassers in law. Here at this gate they were challenged by Kinsella for a warrant for their utterly illegal seizure. From here they poured their murderous volleys, slaying Kinsella on the spot and sending their bullets whistling by the ears of fainting girls and boys flying through the fields It is a wonder many more were not killed as Lord Courtown remarked when he refused to issue a warrant against his own [illegible] and thus completed the first act in a performance which, whether we look at his own part in it, or his emergencymen's part, or the part of the police, or [illegible] the part of all, forms an epitide which if it stood alone would be enough to damnify any government with whose co-operation it was done. The imprisonments and the harrying still continue against the garrison. Several of their best and bravest are at the present moment in jail under outrageous sentences, inflicted by means of an arrangement to which I shall presently refer. But the garrison keep in high spirits. Their nearness to each other is a great source of comfort and encouragement. They never miss a chance of paying the enemy back in kind. They summon the emergencymen for trespass at every opportunity, although they know they will get no justice from Lord Courtown's bench, but just to annoy them by dragging them into Gorey and forcing them to answer to a charge. Capt. Hamilton cannot swagger about the neighborhood, without the garrison, male and female, putting itself emphatically in evidence. This little braggart used to stand on the ditches formerly overlooking the tenants' holdings, taunting them and announcing that he had eighteen different ways of breaking the Plan. He does not do this now. Judge of a sample. A couple of months ago there came prospecting on the estate the only genuine "solvent" farmer who thought of taking an evicted farm. This man was accompanied by his son. The garrison turned out the women in the forefront—the Mrs. O'Tooles, the Dora Mahers, the Lizzie Kinsellas—a comely but sturdy band. They followed the would be planters on to an evicted farm, and requested them to leave, acquainting them, in language of sufficient force, of the heinousness of

THE CRIME OF LAND GRABBING

under such circumstances. The strangers, instead of leaving, drew their revolvers. At this the men came forward, the tenant of the evicted farm protesting that he had but one life to lose, and that lose it he would sooner than let another man rob him of the fruits of his industry. The planters did not wait for more. They turned and fled down the hill, with the garrison at their heels, down to where Capt. Hamilton, with a couple of police men, was firing off shots at imaginary birds in order to attain his favorite object of inspiring the neighborhood with terror. The Captain halted the runaways and pooh-hooed their fears. But they said their lives were more precious to them than his land—d evicted farms. The women then went for the Captain himself. "You are a pack of cowards," said the valiant warrior. "I am not a match for the whole of you, but let any one of ye come forward and I'll fight her." Mrs. O'Toole accepted the challenge, and aimed a prompt right-hander at the Captain's nose. The Captain did not wait for the blow. He followed the example of the planters. He fled! Down the hill he ran, with his police and his planters and his dog and his gun, making for his stronghold in Ballyfad, the mob of exulting women screaming behind him. It is needless to add that there have been no planters seen since prospecting farms around Croghan Kinsella.

There is a little sequel to this episode, equally illustrative of the spirit of the Croghan garrison. Capt. Hamilton had some of the women summoned to Gorey, but thinking better of the exposure that was bound to ensue of his behavior in face of a female enemy, he got the complaisant bench to tell the women to come back again in a month, and if they behaved well in the meantime that they would be dealt with leniently. Father O'Neill was visiting Croghan the day the month happened to be up. He was surprised to find the women there. "Why are you not in Gorey at the court to-day?" he asked. "Arrah, your reverence, we didn't bother about going." "But don't you know that's contempt of court, and you may be sent to jail." "Faix to tell you the truth, your reverence," was the answer, "we'd like to get a taste of the jail."

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 8:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 669 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. R. A Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2086 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 29th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 926 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 8, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 85 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Elias Schlosser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. W. [illegible], S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Sedgwick sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. [illegible] W. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 89 W. [illegible]

St. [illegible]—Corner Western av. and [illegible] Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 200 Walnut st.

St. [illegible]—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 306 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Metzegor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 499 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Ensing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 124 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. R. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2054 Scofield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Batha, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 5, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, C.S.R., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W. Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 2019 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—854 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 5, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

SLAIN IN THEIR SLEEP.

A Terrible Triple Murder Near Mount Vernon, Mich.

BLOODY WORK OF A FRENZIED MAN.

He Shoots His Wife, Brains His Daughter and Granddaughter with an Ax, and Makes His Escape—Supposed to Have Ended His Own Existence—Iowa People Swindled by a Gang of Confidence Men—The Criminal Record.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 28.—A special to The News from Rochester, Mich., says: A cold-blooded triple murder was committed two miles north of Mount Vernon Friday night. William Major murdered his wife, his daughter and his granddaughter. Major, who is about 50 years old, and a well-to-do farmer, was in Romeo Friday and came home cheerful. His daughter, Mrs. Joseph Depew, of Brandon, and her little daughter were visiting the house, and after conversation with them, the family retired. The people were but fairly asleep when Major arose and began the work of slaughter. He took a revolver and shot his wife as she lay asleep, putting two bullets into her body and mortally wounding her. The noise of the shooting awakened the others, but the murderer did not hesitate.

Knocked Out His Daughter's Brains.

Springing into the apartment occupied by his daughter and her child he coolly fired a bullet at Mrs. Depew, and when it failed to kill her he procured an ax and knocked out her brains. Then he pulled his little granddaughter from beneath the bedclothing and with one blow of the ax clove her head open, killing her instantly, blood and brains bespattering the bed and wall. Major then rushed into the room where his little son slept and groped about the bed for him. The lad had crawled under the bed for safety.

Escape of the Son.

As he heard his father searching the room he said:

"Are you going to kill me, too, papa."

"No, my son," replied the murderer, "do not be afraid, I won't hurt you. When I am gone you get $150 which I will leave you, and divide it with your sister."

He then hastened from the house. The boy gave the alarm as soon as he could, and the neighbors found Mrs. Major still alive. She cannot survive however. The other two were instantly killed. Search was at once made for Major and he was finally found dead in his barn, having committed suicide by hanging.

FLEECED BY SHARPERS.

A Number of Iowa People Mourn the Loss of Their Money.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 28.—Much excitement has been caused in the last two days by the unearthing of an organized confidence gang that has been operating in the vicinity of Macedonia, this county, for some months past. Their plan was to offer to sell money printed from alleged stolen government plates, baiting their victims with small sums of genuine money, giving $2 or more for $1. The money thus given would, of course, pass all right wherever presented. Then when the victims sought to secure larger sums they would lose what they put up. Losers to the amount of $5,000 have been discovered. One of the victims was a farmer named C. E. Denton, whose loss was $1,000.

The Reporter Arrested.

The affair was reported in October as a robbery by masked men. There were five in the party, all strangers. They induced one David Sells, a young farmer, to act as their roper in, and he is the only one that has been arrested. He says he does not know who the parties are nor where they are. As soon as Sells was locked up the principals fled, and they have had ample time to get out of the country. Most of those who have been fleeced are averse to having their names known in connection with such disreputable transactions, and as a result the extent of the operations cannot yet be known.

Eight Negroes Shot to Death.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 28.—A mob of several hundred masked men raided the jail at Barnwell at 2 o'clock Saturday morning, overpowered the jailer, and took out eight negro prisoners, charged with murder. These were Ripley Johnson and Mitchell Adams charged with murdering a man named Hefferman and six others charged with the murder of young Martin. The prisoners were taken out of town and shot to death. The jailer was tied and forced to accompany the lynchers. The whole thing was conducted in a very business-like manner, the citizens of the town not knowing anything about it. A great many negroes are collected at the scene of the lynching and more trouble is anticipated.

A Notorious Horsethief Held.

MONTICELLO, Ills., Dec. 28.—William Powell, alias Bolston, alias Lewis, the notorious horsethief, was brought before Judge Secrist here Friday charged with stealing a horse from George Clow. He was held in $1,000 bonds for his appearance at the circuit court. Several horses have been stolen in this vicinity recently. Powell had a map on his person with the route marked out by which the horses were run off to southern Illinois and into Kentucky.

A Chinese Swindler Arrested.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Chu Fong, the Chinese swindler who was arrested Friday night, was brought before Justice O'Reilly in the Tombs Police court Saturday charged with forgery. The total amount involved is between $30,000 and $40,000. Chu Fong pleaded not guilty and he was held without bail for examination.

Skipped for Parts Unknown.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 28.—James E. Kent, a prominent member of society here and assistant cashier of the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago railroad, was Friday found to have embezzled about $1,800 of the company's money. He has left for parts unknown.

Death of Professor Fox.

EASTON, Pa., Dec. 27.—Joseph G. Fox, A. M., professor of civil topographical engineering at Lafayette college, died suddenly during Thursday night of paralysis. He had held the position since 1872. For ten years prior to that he was engaged in teaching in Cooper institute, New York. He was engineer of the Sixth brigade, Second division, New York State guard, on Gen. Hamilton's staff, in 1863-64. Professor Fox was in his 57th year, and was widely known in the educational world.

'Twas a World Romance.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 30.—Governor Luce gives the lie direct to a special to The New York World printed pretty broadcast some time ago to the effect that he and his wife were treated shabbily by the railways on their trip to California and forced to ride in an emigrant car.

MAY END IN A STRIKE.

Brotherhood Conductors on the Cincinnati Southern Discharged.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 28.—There is considerable trouble on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, caused by the discharge of twenty brotherhood conductors and one brotherhood brakeman. Employes all along the line are much exercised over these discharges, and it is reported that Chief Conductor G. W. Howard and Chief Engineer P. M. Arthur, representing the orders of the Brotherhoods of Conductors and Engineers, respectively, are now at Somerset conferring with Superintendent H. F. Clark in regard to the trouble. All efforts will be used by the aggrieved men to settle the trouble without a strike, but if they do not succeed in an amicable arrangemen of their differences it is believed the engineers, conductors, and brakemen will all quit work.

Threatened Strike in the East.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 28.—A strike on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, which will extend from this city to Buffalo, is threatened. The trouble is caused by the recent dis harge of four engineers. The discharged men composed a committee appointed by the local brotherhood, who presented a protest to the officials of the company against compelling employes to undergo an examination and sign a certain agreement. The general standing grievance committee of the Erie railroad to whom the discharged men appealed held a meeting at Pavonia, N. J., to discuss the matter. It was resolved to demand a reinstatement of the discharged men and the withdrawal of the agreement. If the company refuses to concede the demands of the men the engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen of the road will strike.

Against the Eight-Hour Movement.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 28.—It is reported that steps to oppose the eight-hour movement proposed by the American Federation of Labor will be taken at the meeting of the National Builders' association in St. Louis next month. It is also understood that a firm stand against the movement will be taken by the builders on May 1 if the employes attempt to enforce it.

To Inaugurate the Eight-Hour Day.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The free stone cutters of Boston met Friday evening and heard the report of their committe to the effect that a majority of the bosses favored an eight-hour day. The meeting voted to work only eight hours a day after Jan. 1, and to accept 44 cents per hour up to April 1, when they should demand 50 cents.

FOREIGN NEWS NOTES.

Parnell Made Corespondent in a Divorce Case—King of Portugal.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A petition for a divorce has been filed by Capt. O'Shea, ex-member of parliament, against his wife. The petitioner makes Mr. Parnell co-respondent and asks for a divorce on the ground of adultery. The petition sets forth that the acts of adultery were committed at Eltham, 34 York Terrace, Regents Park; Brighton and Aldington Sussex, between April, 1886, and the date of the petition. In an interview with a United Press reporter Capt. O'Shea said: "The charges are true, of course, but I don't claim damages."

Reform in British India.

BOMBAY, Dec. 28.—The native congress has agreed upon a plan of political organization for India, which is to be presented to parliament. The essential features are that there shall be a popular electoral or representative body, formed upon the basis of twelve members for every million of the population; this great body to be controlled by an inner one formed of selected persons from its own number, and an imperial council constituted upon the basis of one member for every 5,000,000 of the population. Provincial councils are also proposed. Bradlaugh will frame the bill and introduce it into parliament.

Don Carlos Proclaimed King.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The ceremony of proclaiming Carlos I, king of Portugal took place Saturday. The weather was cloudy, but this had no effect upon the crowds of enthusiastic people who thronged the streets through which the king passed on his way to the palace of Necessidades. The king left the castle at 11 o'clock and the journey to the palace, where he took the oath of office before the cortes, was made without the occurrence of any incident of an unfavorable character.

Serpa Pinta Disclaimes Hostility.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—Maj. Serpa Pinto telegraphs the government that he has committed no act of hostility against the English.

Ex-Empress of Brazil Dead.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The ex-empress of Brazil died Saturday at Oporto.

TROOPS AT OKLAHOMA CITY.

The Coming Election Looked Forward to with Considerable Apprehension.

OKLAHOMA CITY, I. T., Dec. 28.—The people of this city experienced a feeling of relief when they awoke Friday morning and saw encamped on this side of the Oklahoma hills two troops of the United States cavalry. The troops had been sent from Fort Reno by command of Gen. Merritt, commanding the department of the Missouri. Even with the presence of the troops it is impossible for the people to disguise their feeling of insecurity. Almost every house is an arsenal and every male citizen carries a revolver. The election is looked forward to with apprehension, although the troops will doubtless prevent any serious rioting. The Kickapoos, the political opponents of the Seminoles, held a meeting Friday night to discuss their grievances. No disorder occurred.

The Grady Monument Subscription.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 28.—Nearly $9,000 have been raised for a monument to Henry W. Grady, and only a few subscriptions have been received from outside Atlanta as yet. Believing that Mr. Grady's admirers in all parts of the country desire to help in the work, the monument committee has decided to hold the lists open for some days. A number of $100 subscriptions have been received from northern men.

Will Use the Boycott.

LAWRENCE, Kas., Dec. 28.—The Farmers' Alliance of this county met Friday and adopted resolutions boycotting all dressed beef men. Each member pledged himself to buy nothing from butchers or any meat market that handles the product of the establishments of any packer who is believed to be a member of what the resolution designates as the "beef combine."

Grape Growers to Meet.

CARTHAGE, Ills., Dec. 28.—A meeting of leading grape growers is to be held at Nauvoo soon for the purpose of discussing the best method of eradicating grape rot, which has been so destructive to vineyards the last two seasons.

DEATH IN AWFUL FORM.

Eleven Persons Cremated at Hurontown, Mich.

TEN OF THEM ARE OF ONE FAMILY.

Thrilling Escape of Two Brothers from Meeting the Fate of the Rest—Narrow Escape from a Holocaust at Norwalk, Ohio—Collapse of a Building at St. Louis—An Ohio Man Narrowly Escapes Being Buried Alive.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Dec. 31.—At Hurontown, near Houghton, Mich., where two women and a baby were burned to death a few days ago, eleven persons perished Sunday morning. Theodore Gross, aged 57, and his wife Mary, aged 47, returned from an old people's dance early in the morning. Their son, Theodore, Jr., returned from his work in the stamp mill. A short time afterward all went to bed. A quarter of an hour later Theodore, Jr., heard screams in his sister's room. He and his brother Nicholas, aged 17, attempted to reach the next room, but the flames drove them back. With bare feet and hands, they broke the glass and sash of the only window in the room and jumped to the ground, attired only in their nightclothes.

Eleven Bodies Recovered.

A terrible blizzard was raging and they could not break the windows. They then rushed to a neighbor's for help. The fire was extinguished an hour later, and eleven bodies were recovered. They were the remains of Nicholas and Mary Gross, and their children Kate, John, Antoine, Mary, Lizzie, Joseph, Michael and Lena, and Lizzie Erb, of Lake Linden, Mich., who was visiting the girls of the Gross family. The bodies are in a temporary morgue at the Houghton fire engine house.

A Close Call at Norwalk, Ohio.

NORWALK, Ohio, Dec. 31.—Charles Himberger's residence on Christie avenue was destroyed by fire early Sunday morning, and his family narrowly escaped death in the flames. Accident or good fortune saved them. Himberger's brother slept up-stairs. He awoke at 3 o'clock and thought he was being suffocated with smoke. He jumped out of bed, ran to the lower floor and aroused the household. The family had to fight for life in the flames. The three children were first attended to. All were badly scorched about the face and hands. Young Himberger rescued them as promptly as possible. Mrs. Himberger escaped with slight injuries. Her husband suffered very seriously. His hair was burned off and his hands horribly mutilated. The cause of the fire is unknown, but there is suspicion that it was of incendiary origin.

MISCELLANEOUS MISHAPS.

Collapse of a St. Louis Building—One Man Fatally Hurt.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 31.—At 10:30 Monday morning, while about fifty men were working on the roof of the new four-story Academy of Music, on the corner of Fourteenth street and Washington avenue, they felt the building tremble and give way beneath them. The third, second and first stories collapsed in succession. Most of the men that went down on the roof had time to spring to a safe portion of the third floor and those on the lower floors, jumped through windows to the ground. Eight men were buried beneath the debris.

One Man Fatally Injured.

Firemen were summoned and began clearing away the ruins. William Letford, a tinner, was fatally hurt. The remainder of the workmen caught in the falling building were more or less injured, but it is thought none fatally. No cause is given for the collapse of the structure, but it is said to be due to a vein of quicksand upon which it was built. The loss will be about $5,000.

Escaped a Most Horrible Fate.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 31.—Capt. J. E. Garrett, of Lagonda engine house, tells a story which borders on the marvelous. He received news of his father's death and started for Columbus, where the funeral was to be held. The body was shipped from Sandusky in an ordinary casket in the care of a relative. When the lid was removed for a last look at the remains slight signs of life were perceived and physicians hastily summoned. Restoratives were applied with such good effect that the supposed corpse was soon able to speak. The man rescued from the brink of the grave was put in bed and now lies very weak and ill, but there are hopes of his recovery. The body had been laid out in the regular way at Sandusky and shipped by express.

Mother and Two Daughters Asphyxiated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 31.—Mrs. Erwin and her two daughters, Mary and Bessie, from Benton county, Mo., were found asphyxiated in their room in a hotel in Oakland Sunday morning. The three ladies were assigned to the same room on Saturday night, and not being accustomed to the use of gas, the hotel clerk showed them how to turn it on and off. Sunday morning the three were found dead in bed, and an examination showed that the gas had been turned but half way off. Mrs. Erwin's husband has been in this state about six months and had just rented a farm in Ventura county, to which place his family were en route to join him.

Two of the Men Reduced to Ashes.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—The task of searching the ruins of the great fire for the bodies of firemen was finished Saturday. The remains of Ladderman Buckley, of Truck 3, have been found, as have also the remains of one other, but identification of the latter was impossible. The search has been thorough, but at the end it is apparent that two of the missing men are lost forever.

May Not Materialize.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 31.—It is the general impression that the threatened strike of the grimpen and conductors on the Fifth Avenue line of the Pittsburg Traction company will not materialize. Several of the employes were interviewed Monday and agreed in the statement that they do not contemplate engaging in a strike, and admitted that the officials of the company were justified in removing the men relieved from duty—about sixteen in all. The cable cars are running regularly while nothing at present indicates that a general strike will be declared.

Death of a Professor.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 31.—Advices were received of the death at St. Martins, West Indies, of Charles R. Von Romnad, Monday, formerly professor of modern languages in Rutger's college, and for twenty years connected with the state department at Washington.

Death of Mrs. Blaine's Sister.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 31.—Miss Susan L. Stanwood, sister of Mrs. James G. Blaine, died here at 10:30 a. m. Saturday, aged 72. She had resided with the Blaine family for many years.

A MISCREANT BAKER.

He Attempts to Suffocate the Family of a Former Employer.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 31.—Frederick W. Stedefelder, proprietor of a bakery at 3 1 Floyd street, was awakened about 3 o'clock Sunday morning by his little girl, who told him the gas, which he usually leaves burning low, had gone out. Stedefelder found that the gas supply had been cut off. He went down the cellar to examine the meter. As he entered the cellar he was shot at by a man who succeeded in escaping in the darkness. The bullet slightly wounded Stedefelder in the shoulder. He reported the case at the police station.

The Bastard Identified.

Officers sent to examine the premises found in the cellar a hat which Stedefelder identified as belonging to Albert Maiser, a baker, whom Stedefelder had discharge some time ago, and through whose efforts the Bakers' union had been led to boycott Stedefelder. Maiser was arrested at his lodgings, and confessed that he had secreted himself in the cellar and turned off the gas. He had intended to turn it on again and suffocate the family, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Stedefelder and three small children.

Mayor Grant Indignant.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Mayor Grant Monday morning sent a communication to the board of health in which he certifies that in his judgment the removal of James S. Coleman from the office of head of the department of street cleaning is required in the public interest. The mayor says he is compelled to take this action by the flagrant failure of the commissioner in charge of the department to do his duty. The streets have long been in a condition which endangered the public health and reflected ridicule on the administration of the municipal government. The mayor says that on Saturday he asked the commissioner for an explanation of the condition of the streets and he replied that in his judgment the streets were clean.

Parnell Not Notified Yet.

DUBLIN, Dec 31.—Mr. Parnell writes to The Freeman's Journal stating that he has not, as yet, received notice of the filing of a divorce suit by Capt. O'Shea against his wife and in which he is named as co-respondent. Mr. Parnell states that he has constantly resided at Eltham since 1880, and was frequently there in the absence of Capt. O'Shea and that the latter was cognizant of the fact. He further declares that the action of Capt. O'Shea in bringing the suit was instigated by Mr. Houston, secretary of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic union, for the purpose of creating a feeling against Ireland diminishing the amount of damages that may be awarded him in his libel suit against The Times.

To Get Rid of the Hun.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 31.—With the beginning of 1890 it is likely a movement will be inaugurated to rid the Connellsville region of the "Slav" and "Hun," two very undesirable classes of residents who have been more than usually unruly during the year just closing. The business men of all the towns in the region are interested in the matter. The Hun and his kindred spirits are not tax-payers, and they argue that if they were replaced by an intelligent and law-abiding body of workers the business interests would be much improved.

The State of Alabama Arrives.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Half a dozen overdue ocean steamers were anchored at quarantine at daylight. Among these was the State of Alabama, over which there has been considerable anxiety. The others were the French steamer Panama, from Bordeaux; the Dutch steamer Veedam, the Old White Star Liner Baltic, from Rotterdam; the British steamer Trinidad, from Bermuda; the Anchor liner Devonia, from Glasgow, and the Mallory boat San Marcos, from Galveston.

Death of Mrs. Robert Tyler.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Dec. 31.—Mrs. Robert Tyler died in this city Sunday in the 74th year of her age. Mrs. Tyler was a daughter of the tragedian, Thomas Cooper, and Mary Fairlie, a celebrated belle of New York. In 1840 she married Robert Tyler, eldest son of President Tyler, and upon the special request of the president and his wife, who was an invalid, she presided as "lady of the White House" during the first three years of President Tyler's administration.

A Blushing Bride of 80.

LAUREL, Del., Dec. 31.—Goldsborough Jones is married, and Greenwood, in this county is agitated with surprise and mirth. Goldsborough blushes and so does his bride. Goldsborough is 25, his bride is 80. Her name was Annie Simpers, and, in spite of her terrestrial residence, was so shy at the ceremony that she refused to participate until the lights were turned down. Then the minister made them man and wife.

Suicide of a Wealthy Druggist.

MADISON, Ind., Dec. 31.—E. S. Whitcomb, a wealthy druggist and leading citizen of North Vernon, twenty miles north of this city, mysteriously disappeared Thursday. Sunday his body was found under a hay stack, near town, and an empty bottle near by showed suicide by poison. The death of his wife a year ago and the waywardness of his two boys are supposed to have produced a despondency leading to the act.

Unhappy Victoria Schilling.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The Journal says that Victoria Morosini-Schilling, who became prominent several years ago by reason of her elopement with her father's coachman, has returned to the Morosini home, and is dying with consumption. Mrs. Schilling disappeared from public view about a year ago, and it was supposed that she had entered a convent. The Morosini family will submit to no interview on the subject.

Favor Compulsory Education.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 31.—The Indians Teachers' association, after hearing an address by State Superintendent La Follette, passed resolutions favoring a judicious compulsory education law, declaring that there should be a standard of proficiency for the county superintendents, and that the office should be free from the influence of party politics.

Almost a Reality.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—The pyre to be used in the play of Joan of Arc by Sarah Bernhardt became ignited Sunday night by the surrounding fire during a dress rehearsal. Mme. Bernhardt who was on the pyre received no injuries. She fainted from fright, however. Two scene shifters were seriously burned in their efforts to extinguish the flames.

The Editor Asked to Explain.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—The article by Mr. Gladstone, favoring a revival of the practice of confession in England, was written forty-five years ago. Mr. Gladstone has requested the editor who just published it as representing the author's present views to explain his unauthorized action.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.

in the direction of the nearest drug-store, is not too fast for a person to make who is troubled with any of the myriad forms of disease resulting from a torpid or deranged liver and its attendant impure blood, and is, therefore, in need of that world-famed and *only guaranteed* blood-purifier and liver invigorator known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Every form of Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Disease, Eczema, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Tetter, scaly, crusty, itching, burning and tormenting forms of skin disease, are cured by this wonderful remedy as if by magic. Sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee of benefit or cure, or money refunded.** All Scrofulous affections, as Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, Old Sores and Ulcers, yield to its wonderful curative properties. It promptly conquers Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It is a concentrated vegetable fluid extract. Dose small and pleasant to taste. Contains no alcohol, don't inebriate or manufacture topers; is free from syrup or sugar, and, therefore, don't sour or ferment in the stomach, interfering with digestion; as peculiar in its wonderful curative effects as in its composition. There is no other medicine at all like it, either in composition or effect. Therefore, don't be fooled into accepting something instead, said to be "just as good." If substitutes are "just as good," why don't their vendors *guarantee* them to do what they are recommended to, or refund money paid for them, as we do with all who buy "Golden Medical Discovery?" For the very good reason that such a plan of sale would bankrupt the manufacturers of any but an extraordinary remedy like the "Discovery." To purify the blood, invigorate the liver, promote digestion, and build up both flesh and strength, it is unequaled, whether for adults or children. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once.

DR. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

"LA GRIPPE" AT BOSTON.

One Death Reported from the Disease—Nearly Everybody Has It.

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Boston is overrun with "La Grippe." Of actual cases demanding medical care it is no exaggeration to say there are 25,000 in and around Boston. So many West End street railway employes are down with it that they were unable to open up another electric route to the depots on the day advertised. Many of the city officials are nursing the malady at home. At the house of correction in Cambridge 135 of the 550 prisoners were laid off from regular work. One doctor on the back bay reports having twenty-eight patients suffering from the grip. In several instances the sufferers cannot leave their beds.

A Wedding Postponed.

Lawrence, Lowell, Haverhill, Woburn, Lynn, Brockton, and other nearby cities report the spread of the epidemic there. In Salem several hundred people are suffering. In one prominent family a wedding was announced to take place, but as the prospective bride has been suffering, the ceremony was postponed. Sixty prisoners in the Salem jail have it. Malden City claims 1,000 cases. One death is reported from "La Grippe," that of a colored man named Lewis, an inmate of the Consumptives' home, who died Thursday.

"La Grippe" at New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—The doctors have not yet agreed as to whether the real Russian grip has taken hold of New York or how the similar complaint here should be treated. But they are all agreed on one point—namely, that the arrival of the alleged "grip" is coincident with a remarkable increase in the number of deaths from pneumonia. Whether the "grip" develops into pneumona or promotes its advance, or whether its prevalence and the spread of pneumonia are purely coincidences, the board of health is not prepared to say.

Death from Influenza.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—The large number of deaths, resulting from the influenza in this city, is exciting the gravest apprehension. It is reported that 580 deaths have occurred within twenty-four hours. The papers print this report, but some of them doubt the figures, claiming that they are too high.

More Royalty Suffering.

LONDON, Dec. 27.—The Countess of Flanders, sister-in-law of King Leopold, of Belgium, Prince Baudouin, eldest son of the countess, and the Queen of Roumania are suffering from the influenza.

CRIME CAUSED BY JEALOUSY.

John Bassette Crushes His Wife's Skull with an Ax.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 26.—At Ludlow, Thursday morning, John Bassette, a mill hand employed by the Ludlow Manufacturing company, killed his wife and attempted suicide. Bassette was insanely jealous of his wife, and frequently threatened her life. He bought a revolver a few weeks ago with the avowed purpose of killing her. At 3 o'clock Thursday morning he called his eldest child, Horace, down stairs, and told him to sit with his mother who was sick, while he went to a doctor. Bassette then went out. The young man called to his mother once or twice from an adjoining room, but as she did not answer he supposed she was sleeping and did not enter her bed room. Meanwhile Bassette had gone to Officer Trobly's house and surrendered himself, saying that he had killed his wife. He said he was suffering from wounds that she had inflicted on him, but he had now finished her.

Probably Injured Himself.

On examination six wounds were found on Bassette's body, two stabs near the heart, two in the left side and two over the stomach, and his chances of recovery are small. Leaving him in a doctor's hands the officer went to Bassett's house, where he found Bassett's wife lying on her left side in bed, the right side of her head crushed in, the blood and brains oozing from her mouth and nose. There was no sign of a struggle and everything shows that the blow was given while she was asleep. An ax was found in the cellar stained with blood. There was no sign from Bassette's wounds an I as his clothing was not cut it is thought he raised his clothing and inflicted the wounds on himself while on the street. Bassette came from St. Johns, Que., and was 42 years old. His wife was a dress maker and was well spoken of.

A Modest Demand.

BUTTE, Mont., Dec. 27.—W. A. Clarke, one of the wealthiest men in this city, a few days ago received a letter signed by "Nineteen Determined and Desperate Men," demanding that he have ready for them on Dec. 24 $400,000, and adding that failure to do so would result in death. Tuesday afternoon George Stackpole, a 19-year-old tough, called for the package. He was locked up. He says that he was paid $10 by an unknown man to carry the note, and was to meet him just outside of the city. It is believed that Stackpole is implicated in the scheme if not the originator of it.

Was Asked to Resign.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Charles A. Pool, manager of the grain department of the New York Central railroad, will retire from that position Jan. 1. It is stated that he was asked to resign because it was learned that he was speculating in grain. Mr. N. L. Douglass, superintendent of the Western Transit company, will succeed Mr. Pool. The salary is $10,000 a year.

Given the Wrong Medicine.

GOUVENEUR, N. Y., Dec. 27.—John D. Vanvalkenburg, who was suffering from headache Thursday went to Lavach's drug store and asked for five grains of antipyrena. Mr. Lavack, by mistake gave him five grains of atropid, a deadly poison. Mr. Van Valkenburg took the medicine at his home in the evening and despite the efforts of physicians, died shortly afterward.

A Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—The Wabash Manufacturing company, large dealers in stationery in this city, made an assignment Thursday. The liabilities are said to be $300,000 and assets the same. The failure grows out of the paper trade troubles in the east.

They Blew Out the Gas.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 26.—John P. Jones and William H. Palmer, young men of Bangor, Pa., were found dead in a room at the Pacific hotel here Thursday morning. They had blown out the gas.

Two Ladies Asphyxiated.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 26.—At Dewitt, near this city, two old ladies living by themselves were found Thursday morning asphyxiated by coal gas. One is dead and the other will die.

An Immortelle.

Duff—Did you see the handsome compliment paid us by Cuff of The Daily Gusher?

Guff—No: what was it?

Duff—Oh, he calls our paper "one of the immortelles of journalism."

Guff—H-m-m! He is more than half right. Dryness is a leading characteristic of immortelles.—Drake's Magazine.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 4, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — McCaull Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Charles Wyndham.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Salvini.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Herr Ernst Possart.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Frederick Warde.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Charles A. Gardner.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — Valdis Sisters Novelty Company.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"T.D.N.," New York—Your letter is able, but there is a tone of bitterness about it that THE CITIZEN does not like. Let us have peace.

"THE CELT," New York—What is the use in quarreling about trifles? It is not necessary to be "mad" at a brother Irishman, because he may happen to misspel a Gaelic word.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

THE O'SHEA-PARNELL SCANDAL.

The reigning scandal of the hour is the suit for absolute divorce brought against his wife, in the London courts, by the notorious Capt. O'Shea, with Charles Stewart Parnell as co respondent. Taken in connection with the recent Parnell-*Times* commission investigation, the new phase of persecution developed against the Irish parliamentary leader looks decidedly and ominously significant. Even if the charges made by O'Shea against Parnell were true, England need not hold up her hands in holy horror, because such scandals have been frequent among her very highest families. Royalty has not escaped them. This would not justify any misconduct on the part of Mr. Parnell, but the circumstances surrounding the attack made upon his moral character give the proceeding of O'Shea all the appearance of blackmail, whether the object is to effect the Irish leader's financial or political ruin, or both. If Parnell has permitted himself to be drawn into such a vortex, which THE CITIZEN cannot believe, he cannot be as strong mentally as the world gave him credit for. All men are subject to temptation and to sin. Unmarried men are particularly so. But the English well know that a charge of the infamous character made by O'Shea will have a disheartening effect upon the Irish people the world over. The developments of the approaching trial will, therefore, be looked forward to with great interest. One of the London papers says that the result will be to retire Parnell from politics as another, and greater, scandal retired the brilliant Sir Charles Dilke. The wish in this case is certainly father to the thought.

Neither the English nor the Irish of old days set much value on morality in public men. Henry II, founder of the Plantagenet dynasty, was, according to some writers of note, an incestuous adulterer. John of Gaunt, son of Edward III, and founder of the House of Lancaster, had more "natural children" than the kingdom could provide for. The present Duke of Beaufort, called Somerset, is a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, in the male line, but his shield carries the bar sinister of bastardy. His real name is Plantagenet, and if any doubt of this might linger, it is dispelled by the fact that his eldest son and heir, Lord Arthur Somerset (Plantagenet) is now "on his keeping" in Belgium because of alleged complicity in the nameless crimes recently committed by him and his gang in London.

Edward IV, a great London favorite, made it a common practise to debauch married women, and his disgraceful intrigue with the wretched Mrs. Jane Shore, has survived even the fame of his victories.

Richard III, a gentleman long popular in England, married the wife of his cousin, Prince Edward Plantagenet, son of Henry VI, immediately after killing her husband with his own bloody hand. He had a son by her, but he did not live long, and the hapless woman herself, who was a daughter of Warwick, the king maker, died suddenly, poisoned, it is supposed, by her affectionate spouse. The latter then sought to marry the heiress of York, Elizabeth, his own niece, after having murdered her brothers in the Tower. And, shameful to relate, she had consented to marry the foul fiend, when the nuptials were prevented by the death of Richard, who fell by the hand of Henry VII at Bosworth Field. Elizabeth subsequently married Henry, and became the mother of that "light of Christendom," Henry VIII, whose amours, murders and cruelties have scandalized the world during more than three centuries.

The world has long held the appellation of Virgin Queen, applied to Henry's red haired daughter, Elizabeth, in deserved contempt, and the shades of Raleigh, Leicester and Essex emit sulphur at her very name.

Charles II, by his mistresses, has given England half a dozen ducal houses, at least, and yet he was a very popular monarch. Like Edward IV, he had a weakness for married ladies, and, it is said, made half the dull burghers of London wear horns.

George I and his son, George II, "shocked" England by importing German lemans, instead of being satisfied with the native product. But they were allowed to die peacefully. Nobody thought of disturbing them. George II's son, Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III, was a greater scoundrel than either his sire or grandsire, and his peculiarities were inherited by his grandson, George IV, who, without the bravery of Edward IV, the scholarship of Henry VIII or the brilliancy of Charles II, inherited the most bestial propensities of all three. William IV, George's brother, was very little better than his vain and corpulent predecessor on the throne.

Victoria kept her skirts clear of scandal until the advent of John Brown, but THE CITIZEN cannot believe that a lady of her age and position would condescend to favor a lackey, although her conduct at his death excited the ridicule of three-fourths of her subjects. But her son, Wales, has been the subject of so many scandals that the poor man's moral record is like a sheet of old blotting paper, or a case of confluent small pox. And yet Wales is a very popular man with the English! His son, Prince Cuffs and Collars, although not much more than a stripling, has been smirched with the Somerset scandal, and is now doing penance in Indian jungles, "sticking pigs" and riding elephants.

The truth of history compels THE CITIZEN to remark that some Irish potentates were not remarkable for virtue. Shane O'Neill, the Proud, having devastated Tyrconnell, carried off O'Donnell's wife and made her his concubine; while the immortal Hugh of Tyrone carried off the sister of that Marshal Bagenal, whom he slew at the battle of the Yellow Ford.

Some Irish leaders of modern times were also accused of too much gallantry, but the first great attempt made to destroy an Irish statesman politically on account of undue attention to the ladies is this O'Shea-Parnell affair.

Mr. Parnell takes the accusation quite coolly as will be seen from the following dispatches:

"DUBLIN, Dec. 30.—Mr. Parnell has written a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* in which he says he has received no notice of having been made a co respondent in the suit brought by Captain O'Shea against his wife for divorce. Mr. Parnell also says that since 1880 he has resided at Captain O'Shea's house at Eltham. He was frequently there when Captain O'Shea was absent, but the latter was cognizant of his being there. He declares that Mr. Houston, Secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, instigated Capt. O'Shea to institute proceedings for divorce in order to diminish the damages which may be awarded to Mr. Parnell in his libel suit against the *Times*.

"Mr. Houston has written a letter denying the statement made by Mr. Parnell in his letter to the *Freeman's Journal* that he instigated Captain O'Shea to bring a suit for divorce against Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Houston says he had no knowledge of the action taken by Captain O'Shea until he saw the announcement of the divorce case published in the papers on Saturday.

"LONDON, Dec. 30.—An attempt was made to-day to interview Captain O'Shea regarding the statements made by Mr. Parnell in connection with the former's divorce suit. Captain O'Shea refused to discuss the matter, but said he advised Mr. Parnell to assume the usual position of a co respondent and allow himself to be served with a citation.

"Captain O'Shea subsequently stated that there was not the slightest truth in Mr. Parnell's assertion that the suit had been instigated by the *Times*. Neither the *Times* nor Mr. Houston, he said, knew anything of the action before it came before the public. In proof of this assertion he produced a letter from the editor of the *Times*, dated last evening, asking him to confirm or correct the report that he had filed a petition for a divorce.

"LONDON, Dec. 30.—Apropos of the allegation of Mr. Parnell and his friends that the action brought against the home rule leader by Captain O'Shea was instigated by Mr. Houston in the interest of the *Times* in the expectation that it would have the effect to weaken Mr. Parnell's suit for libel against that paper and draw public attention away from the commission's report on the forged letters, it is noteworthy that the hearing of O'Shea's case is fixed for a time concurrent with the examination of Parnell's suit against the *Times* The coincidence may be accidental, but nobody can be found who believes that it is, and as to the issue of the O'Shea action opinion in general is that the Captain will emerge from the contest the most discredited and despised man in England."

THE CITIZEN would not believe the London *Times*, or anybody connected with it, in the political sense, where Ireland and the Irish are concerned, under oath. Whatever weakness or folly Mr. Parnell may have shown in the affair, and he is hardly the kind of a man to show either, it is certain that O'Shea has taken upon himself the role of an injured husband in the panel game, so familiar to the police authorities of our great cities. If he had been a man of honor, and that he believed Parnell guilty as charged, he should have brought suit for divorce, according to his own statement of the case, years ago. Either that or he would have found some more vigorous means of avenging his own honor and the alleged shame of his wife. He must be a contemptible fellow, utterly undeserving of the country that bore him, his historic name and the people whom he calls kindred. He may deny it all he pleases, but the inference is plain that he has the London *Times* behind him in this foul business.

GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

Mr. Gladstone "turned" his 80th year on the 29th ult. The wonderful old man appeared to be in his usual robust health and received all who called upon him with his customary cordiality. The Tories who desire Mr. Gladstone's permanent retirement, if not his departure from this world are deeply disappointed by the Sage of Hawarden's tenacity of life, and, what is more amazing to them, of intellect. THE CITIZEN is fully aware that Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy is directed by a wise love for England. He considers that a permanent settlement of the Irish question would insure the perpetuity of the British Empire—an institution for which he has profound veneration. The old statesman would keep Ireland within the empire, but, unlike a majority of his countrymen, would be greatly pleased to see her contented, happy and prosperous. There is nothing mean or narrow about Gladstone as regards the material welfare of Ireland. He considers that England is so far in advance of the subject island in wealth, skill, population and general resources, that it is absurd to feel any jealousy on that score. But Gladstone, with all his zeal and ability, can hardly bring England up to the high level of his thought. THE CITIZEN will say of him that, as a leader, he has been bold and manly. When he forsook the policy of coercion, he did so radically, and, ever since, has shown the progression of an exalted mind. THE CITIZEN cannot agree with him so long as he wants to keep Ireland "united" to Great Britain in any political sense whatever, but it cannot expect any Englishman, no matter how liberal, to adopt its opinions on the question of separation. To achieve the latter great end by physical means is, at present, out of the question. Therefore, Gladstone's policy, such as it is, would be much more beneficial to Ireland than that of any other English statesman.

The Irish parliamentary party has devoted itself to a policy of "conciliation" during the last few years. THE CITIZEN cannot believe that the men who ostentatiously drink the Queen of England's health at their banquets are sincere. If so, they are slaves. If not sincere, they are dissemblers. Neither view of their conduct is particularly edifying, and the great trouble is that their example cannot help having a bad effect upon the national character of the Irish people. Expediency can never justify hypocrisy. THE CITIZEN is sorry to be compelled to criticise the actions of the Irish party, but can see no way out of performing a public duty.

Irish-Americans may well pause in astonishment and chagrin when they read the following telegram, dated London, Dec. 29: "A remark by Lord Mayor Sexton at his farewell banquet in Dublin, last night, has caused some comment in political circles. In toasting the Queen—a necessary ceremony which is generally gone over with as little grace as possible by the Nationalists on such occasions—Mr. Sexton said that the Nationalists will vote for the royal grants so long as her Majesty does not refuse to sign the measures enacted by the people. This may be taken in a double sense, as indicating loyalty to the crown, and as hinting at a fear that the Queen may some day abuse her prerogative by negativing the will of the people as expressed through parliamentary enactment in favor of Irish self-rule."

There was no need for Mr. Sexton to humiliate himself by such a declaration. No monarch of England, during this century, has been able to defy the will of the English people, as expressed by parliament. George IV was compelled to sign the Act of Catholic Emancipation, even though he wept while doing so; and William IV, a vehement Tory, was compelled to sign the great Reform bill of 1832. It is not likely that a feeble old lady, no matter how strong her prejudices, could withstand the pressure of parliament and ministers if an Irish Home Rule bill were passed. Ireland's national spirit must have degenerated of late days.

'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Her soul till of itself it fell!
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
For villain bonds and despot sway.

FATHER ARNOLD DAMEN, S. J

The most famous of the Jesuit Fathers of America is no more. The Rev. Father Damen, for years the superior of the Order of Jesus, in Chicago, died at Creighton College, Omaha, Neb., on Wednesday night. His death was painless as his life had been holy. He had been suffering from partial paralysis for several months, and his advanced age made all hope of recovery doubtful to even the most sanguine of his innumerable friends and admirers. He was, unquestionably, the ablest and most effective preacher of the Gospel that ever stirred sinners to repentance in this country.

Father Damen was born in the province of North Brabant, Holland, in 1815, studied theology and, in 1837, accompanied the Rev. Father De Smet, the renowned Indian missionary, to this country. He was assigned, as a novice, to the Jesuit establishment of Florissant, Mo., and soon afterward became a teacher of theology and philosophy at the St. Louis University. He was ordained a priest in 1844, and was appointed pastor of the College church.

Father Damen, by request of Bishop O'Regan, came to Chicago and established the great Jesuit church and college, which now adorn West Twelfth street, between Blue Island avenue and May street. The site was his personal selection. His good judgment, even at that early period, pointed out to Father Damen the great centre of the Catholic population of Chicago.

A writer in the Chicago *Times* of Thursday says: "Holy Family church was completed and dedicated in 1860. Then followed the further undertaking of building the college, which Father Damen opened in 1870 Meanwhile there had been growing up a great parochial school system, consisting of five large parish schools, accommodating an aggregate attendance of 5,000 pupils. The ministrations of the clergy of the church and the college extend to a parish community of 25,000 souls. All this may be said to have been the direct result of the life work in Chicago of Father Arnold Damen. The Church of the Sacred Heart on Nineteenth street, started by him as an outlying mission church, also owes its successful establishment to his faith and labors.

"In marked contrast to his rare intellectual and administrative ability has ever been the severe simplicity of his personal life. Rigid as are the regulations of his order Father Damen, in his personal habits and methods, was a very Spartan in matters in which his own personal comfort and convenience were concerned. From the early morning until night, in the wearisome hours of the confessional, in constant preaching or travel, he had for many years outdistanced all his immediate associates in personal toil and unremitting exertion up to his 73d year. His simplicity and humility had always been as great as his talent for work. Two years ago when the Catholics of the city and many in various parts of the country were uniting in getting up a testimonial in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the order, he positively refused to accept a present of any kind. Not one cent would he have nor an article of value of any kind. The offerings of gold and silver, paintings, money, and other articles were by his express wish converted into a sum of money for the benefit of St. Joseph's home for girls and the school for deaf and dumb, two institutions which always had a warm place in his heart. Such was one instance of the simplicity and self denial which had marked the whole life of this great mission priest."

Surely no higher tribute could be paid to the saintly character and noble disinterestedness of this grand apostle of the truth. No preacher of the Word, in our day, has more implicitly followed the teachings of the Saviour.

MR. PARNELL has ordered his lawyers to bring the O'Shea divorce suit to a focus without loss of time.

NEW YEAR'S passed off quietly in Chicago.

MR. JAMES C. STRAIN, a popular young Irish-American, well known in this city and outside of it, was elected Warden of the County Hospital by the board of county commissioners at their last meeting. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Mr. Strain on his well deserved recognition.

HUNDREDS of meetings and banquets were held in London and elsewhere in honor of the 80th birthday of Mr. Gladstone, and all of the newspapers pay their respects to him in notices more or less complimentary in proportion to their leaning toward Liberalism or the closeness of their affiliations with the party of the other extreme. Only one paper, however, has had the bad taste, not to say downright brutality, to seize the opportunity afforded by the occasion to openly attack the ex premier, this exhibition of virulent party spite being made by the *St. James' Gazette*, which declares that "he is only supported by Jacobins, Gutter Yahoos, and Irish disloyalty." To this scurrilous outburst, however, nobody has paid the slightest attention, and doubtless the author and abettors of the article are now heartily ashamed of their work.

MATTHEW LAMB, the meat inspector of the city, has done good service within the last week in detecting an attempt to impose the meat of diseased cattle upon the people. This is an abominable crime on the part of any butcher, and should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

IT now reads "Superintendent of Police Marsh, vice Hubbard removed."

GLADSTONE and Blaine are having a Free Trade-Protection discussion in the magazines. So far as heard from, Blaine has "downed" the Grand Old Man.

THE slaughter of people at the railroad crossings must be stopped. The law regarding murder should apply to a careless engineer the same as to any ordinary taker of human life

THE *Chicago Eagle*, of which Henry F. Donovan is the proprietor, appears to have waged a successful war against the gamblers. The city council has ordered the gambling houses to be closed up.

A NOBLE SPEECH.

That of the Hon Daniel Dougherty Before the Catholic Congress at Baltimore—"The Citizen" Reproduces the Full Text by Request.

By request of many readers, THE CITIZEN publishes in full the address of the Hon. Daniel Dougherty at the Catholic Congress of Baltimore, which is as follows:

"I am profoundly touched by this the honor of my life. This congress is an event in the history of the Republic, an era in American progress, an advance in humanity, a move of earth towards heaven. Called to your presence, theme after theme comes flashing through my brain and swelling in my bosom. A single exultant thought I shall give utterance to, and then resume my seat.

"We Catholics—Roman Catholics—(applause)—American Roman Catholics—(great applause)—proud, high spirited, and sensitive as any of our countrymen—have silently submitted to wrongs and injustices in manifold shape and from time immemorial. Away back in colonial years Catholics suffered the direst cruelties. Talk of the slaves of the South in ante-war times, why they were treated like high-bred guests when compared with Catholics in colonial days. It is the 'damned spot' that will not 'out.' The only religious martyrs, who ever stained our fair land with life blood were Roman Catholics. (Applause.) Spurned with suspicion, disfranchised, persecuted for opinion's sake, hunted as criminals, and punished with death by infamous laws.

"We have, from time to time, been slandered, vilified, and maligned in newspapers, pamphlets, and books, in speech and sermon, sectarian assembly, political convention, and even in the congress of the United States. We have been proscribed at the ballot box. The highest honors of the Republic are denied us by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment. In integrity, intellect, and accomplishments the equal of our fellows, yet the instances are rare when Catholics are tendered exalted distinctions. The exercises of our holy religion as a right are refused the suffering, the sick and unfortunate in many institutions of charity, and to criminals in prisons and penitentiaries. Though the rank and file of the army and navy are largely of our creed, the chaplains are fewer than the fingers on one hand. It is said that Catholic Indians have Protestant teachers. Churches have been burnt, convents have been pillaged, and libraries destroyed. Aye, political parties in the past have sought to deprive us of our political rights, and we are branded as tools of a foreign potentate, and unworthy to enjoy the name of Americans.

"The time has come, not for our seeking, but in the course of events, when we, the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, can with propriety speak, can vindicate ourselves, not by harsh words, heated retorts, nor defiant threats, but calmly, yet firmly; charitably, yet proudly, conscious of the integrity of our motives and the impregnability of our position. (Applause.) We assert that we are pre eminently American (applause); that there would be no America, that the continent would be to day unknown, had it not been for the Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic church. (Applause.) That that liberty which is the essence of all liberty, freedom to worship God, was first established in America by Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics alone. It was priests, aye, Jesuits, missionaries, who first sought and explored our land, penetrated into the wilderness, tracked the streams, and gave sainted names to localities, bays, lakes and rivers. (Applause.) The first worship here of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the mass. (Applause.) Catholic nations were the first to come to the rescue of our Revolutionary fathers in the war against the greatest of Protestant powers. (Applause.) A Roman Catholic was among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. (Applause.) The name of Archbishop Carroll is forever linked with Benjamin Franklin in the mission to Canada. (Great applause.) Catholics have given heroes to the Republic in every war and in every battle, on field or flood; Catholics have sealed their fidelity with their lives. And now the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, for the first time in congress assembled, are here to proclaim to all the world that their country is tied to every fibre of their hearts, and no mortal power can shake their loving allegiance to its constitution and laws. (Applause.) Why, truly the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church.

"Marvellous as has been the growth of the population, Catholics have outstripped all. From forty thousands they have become ten millions. From a despised people they are a mighty power. In every avenue of industry and intellect they are the peers of their fellow-men. Their schools and colleges, libraries, asylums, and hospitals are scattered near and far. In every village steeple or tower tipped with the cross tell where the Catholics pray. In every town splendid churches gather each morning thousands of worshippers. In every metropolis a cathedral lifts its massive walls high above surrounding piles, and with its stately dome crowns the city's brow.

"Our grand old Church is the protector of learning. She it was who rescued the inestimable jewels of classic lore from the ruins of the Roman Empire, preciously preserved through the convulsions of a thousand years and gave them to the printers' art to enrich the learning, elevate the style and adorn the literature of every language to the end of time. (Applause.) She is the pioneer of civilization. She was the founder of the States, the framer of laws, the conservator of order, the champion of the people against the encroachment of tyrants. She it was that struck the chains from the white serfs of the Old World. (Applause.) She it is that beholds kneeling around her altars the black and the white, the rich and the poor, the savage of the forest, the royalty of the palace, the statesman of the cabinet, and the philosopher of the school. She is the patron of art and the theme of the poet. It is the Catholic Church that guards the home, sanctifies marriage, elevates woman, and places the Blessed Mother nearest the Saviour. (Applause.)

"It is the Catholic Church, while ever striving for the good of mortals here below, that bends her sublime and heaven-appointed mission to the one supreme aspiration of fitting her children for the regions of eternal bliss.

"The shadow of an imposing event begins to move. The people of the United States, aye, of the hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. We especially rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event, with reverence I may say the second creation, the finding of a new world, and the vast results that flowed to humanity, all can be traced directly to the Roman Catholic Church alone. (Applause.) Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students, the scholars, poets, historians, search the archives of Spain, the libraries of Europe, and the deeper the research the more the glory will adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when foot sore and down hearted, at the porch of a monastery, hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a Cardinal who interceded with the sovereigns of Spain. It was a Catholic king who fitted out the ships, and a Catholic queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. (Applause.) It was the Catholic Columbus, with a Catholic crew, who sailed away out for months upon an unknown sea, where ship had never sailed before. It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the hymn to the Blessed Mother with which captain and crew closed the perils of the day and inspired with hope the morrow. It was the holy cross, the standard of Catholicity, that was borne from the ships to the shore, and planted on the new found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that was the first, and, for over a hundred years, the only Christian worship on the continent which the Catholic named America. (Applause.)

Way, the broad seal of the Catholic Church is stamped forever on the four corners of the continent. Therefore, let us, in mind, heart and soul, rejoice at the triumph of our country and glory in our creed. The one gives us constitutional freedom on earth, the other, if faithful to its teachings, ensures an eternity in heaven. (Great applause.)

FROM NEW YORK.

Cutting Down the Poles—The Pan-Americans Sight-Seeing in Gotham—The Fashionable Ailment.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—We have had another week of darkness on account of the war on the deadly wires, and it was the worst week of all. The decision of the supreme court being in favor of the city, the authorities renewed without delay the work of cutting down the poles and removing the dangerous wires. They have thus far removed about seventy-five of the nine hundred miles of wire. As soon as the companies saw what was up they resorted to their old tactics and cut off all electric lights, thus leaving the city in darkness at the very time when business men are at the height of the holiday season. Taken in connection with the filthy condition of the streets, which are perhaps worse now than ever before, it is easy to see how the patience of the inhabitants are taxed to the utmost limit. When this disgraceful state will end nobody knows. We have to grin and bear it. The responsibility for it is, being continually shifted from one to another, until the law-abiding citizen is forced to sigh for about one month of military rule with Ben Butler at the head.

The Pan American Congress has at last reached this city, where they are now engaged in the business of sight seeing, dining and being entertained. They arrived here one day last week and are stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, from whence they make daily trips to various points of interest. They have attended the Casino, Metropolitan Opera House, the great Hebrew Fair, viewed the Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty, visited the museums in Central Park, have been entertained at the Lawyers' Club, Chamber of Commerce, Stock Exchange, Spanish-American Literary Society and they have witnessed a drill of the Seventh Regiment at the big armory. They are having a grand, good time, as this is the last city they will take in before they leave. There can be no doubt that their visit will increase commercial relations between the United States and the countries they represent, and as it has proven a success, let us have more of them.

The fashionable ailment in the metropolis just now is "la grippe," otherwise the influenza, which is being imported in large quantities from Russia and other parts of Europe. It doesn't seem to be a very serious disease, and perhaps that is why a good many of our people claim to have it when it really exists in their imagination only. The doctors, having read largely of its ravages abroad, have been preparing for it here for some time. The board of health has issued a prescription for its cure and the druggists have taken on a new supply of quinine in order to be ready for the onslaught whenever the epidemic shows its face. We are forewarned and forearmed.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

THE JOYCE COUNTRY.

A Romantic District of Connemara Inhabited by a Primitive People.

Horrible Fate of Myles Joyce, Hanged for a Crime of which He was Innocent.

A FAMILY CHRONICLE

tells of one of Mac na Mara's descendants whose adventures almost equalled those of Sindbad the Sailor. "This William Joyce," says the chronicle, "being on his travels from Italy to Greece, he was taken prisoner by the Saracens and brought to Africa, whence, after a variety of adventures and undergoing a captivity of seven years, he escaped into Spain. While here his exalted virtues were rewarded by heaven in an extraordinary manner, for an eagle, flying over his head, pointed out to him a place where he discovered vast treasures, with which he returned to Galway and contributed large sums towards building the walls, churches, and other public edifices of the town."

There is another curious record regarding the great granddaughter of this William Joyce. She was called Maurian na Drehide, Margaret of the Bridges, from the number of bridges she erected. The story is told of how a rich Spanish merchant, Domingo da Vroma, who traded with Galway, fell in love with Margaret Joyce, married her, and soon after died while on a voyage, leaving his wife all his vast riches. She married as her second husband one Oliver Oge French, who was mayor of Galway in 1596. During her husband's absence on a voyage, Margaret erected, at her own expense, nearly every bridge in Connacht. One day—so the story goes—as she sat directing the men at work on one of the bridges, an eagle, flying over her head, let fall into her bosom a gold ring in which sparkled a gem of surpassing lustre and beauty, the nature of which no earthly lapidary could ever discover. The ring was long preserved in the family "as a mark, supposed to be sent from heaven, of its appreciation of her good works and charity."

To the present day the barony of Ross is still called "the Joyce country," and on a market day in Galway its splendid men and women—tall, lithe, and erect—are easily recognized even among the other fine peasants from Connemara.

About six years ago this Joyce country was the scene, and some of this family, or clan, the actors, in one of the most terrible tragedies that has occurred in Ireland for a long period. Here, in a district known as Maamtrasna, in a wild glen beside an inlet of Lough Mask, and close under the Partry Mountains, an entire family, with the exception of one child, was brutally murdered. The crime was not an agrarian one, neither was it committed for the purpose of robbery, but, as after events showed, was the outcome of long standing feuds—quarrels between neighbors for trespass, the missing of flocks on the mountain pastures, loss of sheep, and other contentions, bringing about angry words and blows, then endless litigation, and leaving bitter feelings on both sides.

For this crime ten men were arrested, and, under one of the provisions of the

COERCION, OR CRIMES ACT,

brought to Dublin for trial. Of these ten accused men—some of whom were relations of the deceased—two became informers, in order to save their own lives; these were tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to death; the remaining five pleaded guilty on representations being made to them that their lives would be spared; on this understanding the men—who had hitherto protested their innocence—allowed the counsel to put in the plea of guilty, and the sentence of death was commuted to one of penal servitude for life. The three under sentence of death were brought back to their own country for execution. In the meantime facts had leaked out in Maamtrasna which gradually led to a confirmed belief in the innocence of Myles Joyce, one of the condemned. This unfortunate man, like most of his fellow-prisoners, could only speak Irish, and understood not one word of the language in which his trial was conducted. When informed by the interpreter that sentence of death had been passed upon him, the scene was a most moving one. Looking upwards, and speaking solemnly and with fervor, the prisoner said in Irish: "He left it to God and the Virgin above his head. He had no dealing with it, no more than the person who never was born, nor had he against anyone else. For the last twenty years he had done no harm, and if he had, might he never go to Heaven! He was as clear of this as the child yet unborn."

A day or two previous to that appointed for the execution Myles Joyce's two fellow prisoners sent for a magistrate, and in his presence each made his dying declaration, confessing his own guilt, and at the same time affirming the innocence of Myles Joyce. These depositions were forwarded to Dublin Castle, and, almost to the last moment, a reprieve was confidently looked for. But all was in vain; the government concluded that the law should take its course.

It was a mournful time in Galway, I was afterwards told by those who were daily witnesses of the sorrow, shame and misery of the wretched friends and relations of the condemned, who were connected with almost every family in the Joyce country. Galway jail is situated at one end of the picturesque New Bridge. Here, on a low, broken wall immediately facing the prison, the wretched wife of Myles Joyce took up her position for several days, wailing out, in the terrible Irish keen, the sorrows and fate of herself and her husband, who was so situated in the prison that he heard and re-echoed the woman's frantic cries. For days this awful scene continued, and such was its effect that I am told the wife of the prison governor sickened and died of the shock.

Then came the execution, which, by the horrible incidents which surrounded it, was rendered almost as ghastly a massacre as that it was intended to avenge. Two of the criminals went quietly to their doom, to expiate a crime to which they had confessed. Myles Joyce appeared to rebel to the last moment against what is hardest for an Irish heart to bear—injustice. I give the last scene in the second part of this tragedy as it is told by Mr. T. Harrington, M. P., in an able pamphlet in which the entire of this extraordinary case is powerfully told:

"On the 15th of December, 1882, the three men were brought forth together to execution. The scene was a painful and a shocking one. Two men

WALKED CALMLY TO THEIR FATE.

but, the third, Myles Joyce, turned to every official of the jail he met as he passed on his way to the scaffold, and, with all the fiery vehemence of the Celt, declared, in a language which nearly all who surrounded him were strangers to, that he was innocent. He feared not to die. But he felt the indignity of being put to death as a murderer. The scene on the scaffold itself was shocking beyond description. Even with the cap drawn over his eyes, and the executioner waiting, rope in hand, to hurl the three wretched men into eternity, Myles Joyce declared his innocence; and as if eager that his very last breath on earth should be a protestation to that God whom he was so soon to meet, he turned again in the direction of the few bystanders and 'called God to witness that he knew no more of the murder than the child unborn;' and with that solemn declaration on his lips he sank from view. His last effort had somewhat displaced the arrangements of the executioner. The rope caught in the wretched man's arm, and for some seconds it was seen being jerked and tugged in the writhing of his last agony. The grim hangman cast an angry glance into the pit, and then, hissing an obscene oath at the struggling victim, sat on the beam and kicked him into eternity."

The sequel to this painful scene is not yet played out. About four years ago an intense sensation was created throughout the country when one of the informers, presenting himself publicly in the church before his Archbishop, the priests, and the congregation, declared that he could no longer rest until he had cleared the memory of the dead and tried to do justice to the living. He confessed his own guilt at participating in the Maamtrasna murder, but solemnly declared that the men brought to trial were tried and convicted on false evidence. That of those really guilty of the crime, the two principal actors, the men who, from motives of revenge, had planned the murder, had never been brought to trial, but were still at large, living in their midst. Of the three executed, two were—as they had confessed—guilty; the third, Myles Joyce, knew nothing of and had no part in the crime, and of the five men imprisoned for life one alone was guilty.

The man's story was sifted carefully—a vast number of corroborative facts had been gradually coming to light; the matter was personally investigated by the clergy and by Mr. T. Harrington, M. P., who spent a considerable time in the neighborhood. The result was a firm conviction in the mind of the general public that a cruel wrong had been done, and application was made to the proper sources praying for a public inquiry into the case, with a view to do justice to the memory of the dead and to obtain the release of the innocent. Again the authorities saw no reason to interfere with the course justice had taken; every effort to obtain a public inquiry failed; the helpless families of men believed to be innocent still struggle on in poverty and disgrace, while the self-accused murderer and the two men now commonly supposed to be the instigators of the crime are at liberty and unharmed."

Not far from the cross roads near Maam, and on the direct way to Clifden, is one of the very sweetest spots of the whole district,

LAKE GARROMIN.

Sparkling and smiling in the glorious western sunlight, the lovely lake lies embosomed in the midst of wooded hills and soft green slopes, the rugged heights of Ben Lettery—the foremost of the Twelve Pins—rising immediately behind and to the east, where the rays of the evening sun strike on its bare summit, producing in clear weather the peculiarly brilliant effect I have only seen in the Connemara mountains—a transparent wiriness or glitter, as if the heights not only reflect back the sunlight but actually contain light in themselves. There is a beauty, a repose, about Garromin, its islets, its shady inlets and lawn, like banks that are most tempting, making a traveler long to stay and rest in such a peaceful, homelike spot. The very hotel, known as "The Recess," is utterly unlike ordinary inns, but is just what would make a bright summer home; a pretty cottage in a bend of the lake, its sloping lawn dotted with flowering shrubs, some of which bend over an old well; lawn and house surrounded by trees, except to the front, where every window looks on the blue lake, the rising mountains, and on a white cottage called the "Fairy House," from the fact of its being built close to a tumulus or burial place of one of the kings of long past ages. This tumulus, a smooth, green mound, is, of course, the home of fairies, who sally forth at night, take their corracles and row across to the most central of the little islands, where, when the moon is high, they may be seen (if anyone has the courage to venture over) dancing and feasting as long as the moon lends her light. In another bend of the lake, close to the Fairy House, is Glendalough, now a second hotel, once the retreat of Dean Mahon, who built it to live here in quiet enjoyment of scenes that one could never weary of gazing at.

The Glendalough and Recess hotels are great resorts of anglers, many of whom were giving life to the picture as they rowed about the lake, or lay in their boats at anchor, in the shade of an island, their rods busy with the trout which abound in all the waters of the district. Anglers are favorite guests at the Recess, for they pay well and are out of the way all day.

This is a resting place for all travelers through Connemara, for at the Recess the car stops for a time, and here we saw the last of our Scotch friend, who went his way on a quaint-looking, shaggy little Connemara pony, to his home and his moonlight rambles among the Killeries or amid the Twelve Pins of Binabola—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

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"NON POSSUMUS."

BY T. D. SULLIVAN.

As wise advice these words are said—
"Forsake the unsuccessful cause,
Brave, foolish Ireland; bow your head
And yield your heart to alien laws.

"See busy Scotland thrives apace—
She struck her banner years ago;
She gave her name, and flag, and race,
To union with her ancient foe.

"And now the wealth of England gilds
Her river banks, her rugged coast;
And all the fame that England builds
Is also the 'North Briton's' boast.

"Poor Isle, whose wounds so long have bled,
At last let strife and suffering cease;
Look forward, straight and low, and tread,
As Scotland trod, the path to peace."

Such lesson men have sought to preach,
From feeble heart or faltering mind;
But never yet was valuer speech
Launched forth and lost upon the wind.

Let Scotland take her chosen way;
On different lines our course must run:
For us, there's only this to say—
God's patent truth—"It can't be done."

What might have been, we cannot know.
If, in the long evanished years,
A generous heart was in the foe
That rushed upon our fathers' spears.

But as the ages rolled along,
One ruthless purpose still they knew;
And 'midst the storms of hate and wrong
The Irish generations grew:

A separate race, distinct, apart;
And so till time itself shall end,
The Irish and the English heart
No human power can fuse or blend.

We cannot yield, whate'er befall;
We could not yield, even if the past
Were blotted from our souls, and all
Our record to oblivion cast.

If downward from the olden time
To these our days, there came no more
The shout, the cheer, the battle-chime,
The clang of conflict on the shore;

If never more in memory's light
We saw the heroes of our race,
Who, true to freedom, honor, right,
Deemed death were better than disgrace;

If never more we thought of those
Who, spoiled and stripped by ruthless hands,
Dragged out a life of many woes
Afar from their ancestral lands—

Still would the Irish heart and brain
To alien rule refuse to bow,
And Ireland's hopes and aims remain
Self-centred, bright and pure as now.

Let England have her own, and hold
Her rightful goods by righteous powers—
We covet not her lands or gold,
We only seek for what is ours.

Apart, the lands may live in peace,
'Tis vain to strive to make them one.
So let the hope, the effort cease,
For Heaven decrees—It can't be done.

OBITUARY.

MOLLIE HOLLAND.

Mr. Con Holland, of the firm of Holland Bros., Austin avenue, has suffered a great bereavement in the death of his little daughter, Mollie, who was suddenly called to the better land on Christmas morning, in the 5th year of her age. Mollie was an exceptionally bright, pretty, and attractive child, and was the beloved of all who knew her. The grief of her father, mother and uncle at her sudden taking off is indescribable, and they have the deeply felt sympathy of all their friends and neighbors in their affliction. The death of the little girl made Christmas a melancholy day in the Holland household, which was lately so happy. A bereavement of that kind can be softened only by accepting in humility the divine decree, and by the consolation of the firm belief that the spirit of the pure and lovely child is now among the white robed hosts of paradise.

Why

Do reasonable people go outside the real city and buy in obscure suburbs at fancy prices when they can get lots only one block from the great Fifty-fifth street boulevard, on Robey street, which is 100 feet wide, at $400 each; on Seeley and Hoyne avenues, and south part of Fifty-fourth street, for $350? Terms of payment, $50 cash and $50 every six months, or on monthly payments. Cottages built to order.

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To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightsweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren st., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplezion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

FIGHTING THE SAVAGES.

The Editor of "The Citizen" Preparing a Volume on the Sioux Campaigns of 1876 and 1879.

The editor of THE CITIZEN is preparing for publication, and will soon have ready for the press, a comprehensive history of the great Sioux War, of 1876, conducted by Generals Crook and Terry, which terminated the year following in the surrender of the war chief, Crazy Horse, with the main body of the hostiles; and also of Gen. Miles' expedition against Sitting Bull's band in Northern Montana, during the summer of 1879. As correspondent in the field for the Chicago *Times*, the editor of THE CITIZEN was an eye-witness of both campaigns, and his volume will contain an authentic account of those stirring scenes which made the years mentioned memorable in American history. The march, the camp, the bivouac, the buffalo hunt, the battle, the scout and the skirmish, will give a variety of adventure such as no experience of civilized warfare could furnish. As those two wars virtually terminated the stubbornly held power of the warlike Sioux tribes in the great West their history cannot fail to be interesting to every officer and enlisted man of the United States Army, and also to the American people at large. It will be the aim of the writer to keep alive his readers' interest in the narrative, without deviating from military exactness. In order, however, to satisfy the demands of the purely military reader, and, at the same time avoid dryness in the body of the volume, he will publish, in the form of an appendix, such official documents bearing on the campaigns in question as may be of importance.

The writer also accompanied the column of Gen. Merritt, which went to the rescue of the survivors of Maj. Thornburgh's detachment on Milk river, Colorado, in the fall of 1879, when the Ute Indians rose in rebellion and murdered their agent and his assistants; and he was with Gen. Eugene A. Carr, when that officer campaigned against the White Mountain Apaches, who had murdered Capt. Hentig and some soldiers of the Sixth Cavalry in the Cibicu valley, Arizona, in 1881. But these latter experiences, if compiled with Sioux campaigns, would make too bulky a volume, and their publication will be a matter for future action.

A good deal has been written in "dribs and drabs," as it were, of Indian campaigning in several of our territories, and much of it has been highly interesting; but the work now in course of preparation will have the advantage of having been written—the foundation of it, at least—in the very midst of the scenes and incidents which it will describe. There will be no attempt at picturesque exaggeration, because, in all truth, the experiences of the Sioux War excelled anything that the human imagination could create. Therefore, whatever merit the book may possess will be due quite as much to the opportunities of the author as to his qualifications as a historian.

The principal surviving officers who held command in the expeditions and scouts which John F. Finerty accompanied were: Major Gen. George Crook; Brigadier Gen. Nelson A. Miles; Brig. Gen. Wesley Merritt; Bvt. Maj Gen. Eugene A. Carr, colonel of the Sixth cavalry; Col. W. B. Royall, late of the Fourth cavalry, retired; Col. A. W. Evans, Third cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth cavalry; Bvt. Colonel and Maj. Anson Mills, Tenth cavalry; Bvt. Col. and Maj. H. E. Noyes, U. S. A.; Col. T. H. Stanton, U.S.A.; Col. Alex Chambers, U. S. A.; Maj. A. S. Burt, U.S.A.; Maj. Luhn, U.S.A.; Maj. Burke, Fourteenth infantry; Maj. P. D. Vroom, U. S. A.; Maj. T. C. Tupper, Sixth cavalry; Major G. M. Randall, Twenty-third infantry; Capt. Charles King, U. S. A., the famed military novelist, late of the Fifth cavalry, retired; Capt. John G. Bourke, Third cavalry, formerly aid to Gen. Crook; Capt. Rice, Fifth infantry; Capt. Baldwin, Fifth infantry; Lieut. O. F. Long, Fifth infantry; Lieut. Frederick W. Sibley, Second cavalry, commander of the celebrated "Sibley Scout," of which Mr. Finerty was the only journalistic attache; and a number of others more or less distinguished.

The details of publication have not yet been completed, but it is settled that the volume will be put before the public at popular prices, and in good form. When all the details of publishing the book have been agreed upon, due announcement will be made in these columns and elsewhere.

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ESTATE OF JAMES E. MURPHY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of James E. Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1890 being the 17th day thereof. KITTIE E. MURPHY, Administratrix

Dated Chicago, December 28, 1889

BLIGHTED HOPES.

Dark is the season of reaping
The flight of the promiseful years,
Denied the sweet solace of weeping
O'er sorrow's too deep for our tears!
Reaping that chaff when we dare not
Even dream of the full ripened grain;
Grieving over fair hopes that are not,
And joy bells that ring not again!

Sad is the season of reaping
When shudders the soul in the blast,
And shadows come stealthily creeping
From storm shrouded vales of the past:
Before us the future lies yawning
With anguish, heart hunger and pain;
And vainly we long for the dawning
Of days that will come not again!

Drear is the season of reaping
When hushed are the laugh and the song;
When harvest hymn echoes are sleeping
The hours are so lonely and long!
The dream field of life all deserted,
Then why should the reaper remain
A gleaner still seeking, sad hearted,
A love that will live not again?

—Montgomery M. Folsom.

A LONDON STORY.

Milly was the poor little soul's name; no one had ever called her anything else—only Milly.

She made her scanty living by embroidery, residing in a forlorn looking, dark and narrow room that was yet fortunate enough to boast one small window on the street. Ay, that window was Milly's glory; the joy and delight of her existence. The street was a dingy London one; hardly a thoroughfare, and therefore not noisy, but gay, and even delectably worldly, in the child's eyes. For she was not much more than a child as yet; though worn in face and serious looking, she was young in years, scarce 17 surely at most, while in character she was very childish still. London bred, she was shrewd and quick in many things, keenly alive to the necessity of daily work, thoroughly expectant of the money loving ways of her employers and astute with regard to life generally; nevertheless, a fund of freshness and innocence in Milly's soul was wont often to burst forth like a sweet, pure spring of water coming from depths unknown, ready to gladden and solace the arid hearts of her neighbors.

She was friendly to those neighbors, who, some of them, befriended her. But she had always been much alone. She was almost like a prisoner, this little lame and feeble bodied seamstress, or rather embroideress, who spent her uncared for youth bending over a frame of needlework, carrying out the ideas and designs of others—only occasionally, as a rare luxury, allowed to work her own will and her own fancies into the threads of silk and pieces of linen or satin "left over."

If a boy's will be the wind's will, what shall be said of a girl's? Is it light, ephemeral, like the sea foam? Or stronger, like bindweed in gardens? Or firm, and brave, and shining, like the marble that makes the coping stone of palaces? I know not.

Milly cared little for the vehicles that sometimes went rumbling down her street, nor for the sad looking, poorly dressed pedestrians who were the only frequenters of that neighborhood, nor for the loud voiced venders of cheap goods in barrows. It was the corner of gray sky—occasionally a pallid blue—which she liked, and which (by squeezing well in betwixt a heavy table and the window sill and craning her neck painfully) she could see and greatly enjoy, in contrast to the dingy atmosphere of her lodging. But what she loved best of all to gaze on from her window was the shop opposite—a shop so glorious, so lovely, so comforting and yet heart stirring that the child could never be satiated with looking and wondering at it.

A flower shop it was. What are flowers made of and how do they come? ask the Londoners. How are they gathered and brought together in their infinite beauty of tone and color, in their brilliancy and freshness, in their tenderness and sweetness? Flowers in pots, flowers in bunches, flowers in sprays, straggling groups of flowers, and stray single blooms—all these filled and decked the window panes of the shop opposite; all these gladdened the eager beating heart of the little lame embroideress. It mattered not, when her eyes were delighted with this dream of fairy color, that she was lame; nor did she remember her many sorrows when, with hot trembling hands, she threaded her needle and plied her loveliest silks, glancing up now and then to gain from beyond the narrow street a new draught from her source of inspiration. Fast flew her fingers, fast grew the flowers beneath her touch; like, yet not like, the originals; pretty, perchance, yet disappointingly different to expectation, thought the little artist, who realized (without knowledge of the why or wherefore) this failure of a great intention.

For she wanted to copy nature. Nay, who that has once seen nature can be readily content with a counterfeit?

Every now and then, at sparse intervals of time when she was thoroughly disheartened and disgusted with her own handiwork, Milly would fetch her old hat and cape out of the cupboard—her cupboard where she kept everything, from a piece of dry bread to an empty blacking bottle and an old Bible—and dress herself laboriously and crawl over to the opposite side of the street and stand there, her face pressed against the panes of the flower shop window till she could stand upright no more. If the weather was cold her slender form shivered under the threadbare black cape, her face grew more pinched and blue than before, but she held her place bravely, studying the form, the "make" of the flowers till she knew them so well that she could shut her eyes and reproduce them on that wonderful canvas which we all possess as a free gift to paint our beautiful visions upon—the clear white page of our own minds.

There was one thing that troubled her, the flowers died so quickly. Milly had neither time nor strength to pay frequent visits to the flower store, and consequently never might she hope to see her favorites quite close a second time. She studied them, she loved them, she strained her eyes to see them. Good. But a few days later they were gone from their accustomed places, and others, new comers—new, graceful, fairy things—were displayed where the old friends had slowly drooped or had been hastily removed. That was the way of the world, doubtless, but there are some people who never get used to the ways of the world. Milly was haply one of these.

She had one friend—though I should rather say one acquaintance, for he was scarcely more—and that was the little crossing sweeper, the poor boy Jim.

Their misfortunes were a bond between them, perhaps; they were both crippled, though slightly, from infancy. He was humpbacked; she was lame. He was swift of foot and of eye and could pilot her dexterously over the muddy way, safe from horses' feet or splash of wheels; she, the girl, was stronger of hand, brighter of face and of courage. She had more than once taken the besom from Jim's hand and swept away the mud for pedestrians blithely and cheerily, so that she earned more coppers for him in ten minutes than he knew how to gain in a weary morning's work. His hands were so weak and delicate; hers, used to activity, were positively muscular by contrast.

There was one drawback—he never seemed to comprehend about the flowers. He would stand on one leg by the brilliant shop window staring piteously, taking off his ragged cap and putting it on again with a gesture of perplexity, scratching his head sometimes for greater doubt.

"You see, Jim," Milly whispered to him one day, "I love them so—the flowers. They are so beautiful, so very, very beautiful. It quite gives me a pain, an odd feeling here in my throat, only to look at them."

"Then I wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em," returned the boy decisively. "If they hurt you what's the good?"

"It's the hurting that brings me back to them, somehow," stammered Milly, who couldn't explain.

Jim gazed at her with his wide opened, long lashed eyes.

"You are a queer 'un, and no mistake," he said at last. "Hi, look out! you were almost right under the van this time, Mill. I wish, I wish I was a dook, that I do—I'd give you flowers and grand things every day: wouldn't I just!"

"Thank you, Jim, dear; oh, thank you. That makes it just the same as if you did."

"Why, how can that be?" asked the boy, leaning on his broom and staring at her harder than ever.

"Of course it does. Don't you see?" asked Milly, to whom definitions seemed almost the greatest difficulties of life.

There are some people who have so little to say that they spend their days in trying to make the scanty substance more; meanwhile the thoughts of others surge tempestuously against their fettering speech, and these people must always appear ignorant and dull.

One day—it was a bright May morning—Milly had come to an end of all her commissioned work. Nor had she any ideas for the future; she was tired, overdone perchance—she had been working both early and late this last week. The colors of the many petaled flowers in the shop opposite seemed to flash more brightly than usual; the sun was strong and hot; the three cornered piece of sky overhead was positively blue. From its cage on a nail outside a neighbor's window came the sweet song of a captive thrush. Some effervescence of springtime rose and bubbled in the girl's young veins. She could not stay within her dark and squalid room; she rose to her feet in impatience.

A moment later she had reached the street. She stood outside the door of the house, gazing inquiringly from side to side. No, Jim was not there; he was nowhere in sight. Well, he would soon return, doubtless. There were few vehicles to be seen; she might cross safely. Now the deed was done; Jim should presently hear of her prowess.

And surely the reward was worth the effort. The flower shop had never seemed so beautiful. Bunches of lilac, laburnum and hawthorn were blooming on one side; on the other side were positively stacked pink, red and white peonies, pansies and the anemones and blue bells of the woods, while marshmallows and cowslips shone more golden than the sunshine.

Milly knew no names or properties of flowers; in her eyes there were no common ones, and the hothouse geraniums and cinerarias were only by color more glorious than the penny bunches of wall flowers and field daisies and straggling forget-me-nots that were specially provided for weary Londoners.

To her it was all a beautiful dream; there was just a hard, impassable wall between her and such luxuries, like the glass against which she flattened her pale, little pinched features. She could see through the glass, certainly, but she could not go nearer; no, nor yet touch or smell. She could only sigh, and the sigh (complaint like) made matters worse, for it dimmed the clearness of the glass for a moment.

Two ladies came out of the shop; one passed on; the other, seeing the girl, paused. The hands of both ladies were filled with bunches of flowers; possibly Milly's eyes were more hungrily watching than she knew.

"You poor little girl!" said the lady who stood in the doorway. She held out a bunch of something bright.

"Would you like these flowers? Yes, you may take them."

She smiled; she went on her way. Milly had said nothing; not a word of thanks, even. She only grasped the tiny nosegay as though it were made of gold. She stared vacantly at the ladies till they were out of sight. Then she laughed softly to herself. What would Jim say? Where was Jim? Why was he still absent? She must certainly come out again in the afternoon, if only to tell him the delightful news. It was the first time that any real live flowers had been given to her, had actually belonged to herself. Why, they were quite soft, like velvet, not grimy and gritty like most things, and with a perfume—yes, that must be the meaning of the word perfume—something quite, quite bewildering.

The road was free of carts and cabs now, surely. This was the moment—one rush forward—oh, the cramp in her stiff leg! Forward! No, back, in haste! A noise of horses' hoofs, with 1,000 voices ringing in her ears, and, in the midst of all, a vision of Jim's face, white and set as it had never been before—then the earth rising up to meet her violently, as something large and dark loomed before her eyes, and seemed to strike her down.

"She is coming to, poor little thing."

These were the first words that Milly heard.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly.

Her own voice sounded farther off than the other voice. She was in pain all over, a pain that would have been fierce had it not been so stunningly dull, and, above all, so universal. Even her little finger ached, she thought, and that thought made her half inclined to laugh. She could not see, she knew not why; she could not move, but that was no wonder, for she was so tightly strapped and bound up. On a bed, too. "Where? where?" she repeated, gasping.

"In the hospital, dear child," answered the nurse. "No, do not talk. We are going to take great care of you."

Milly sighed and shut her eyes for what seemed to her but a few minutes. When she was conscious again she saw that something lay between her fingers—it was her own precious bunch of flowers. How quickly it had wilted, though. She tried to lift her hand, but could not. She was afraid she had done wrong even to try. But no one was heeding her. Two shadowy figures were talking near her bed.

"She was so lame, poor dear, she could not run. And the great dray horse knocked her down and the wheel ran over her."

"How terrible!"

"The little humpback boy did his best to save her, but he ran up too late—it was a plucky thing, anyhow."

"He seems very fond of her—it will break his heart if she dies."

"Hush! lest she should hear you."

Milly had heard it all. It scarcely affected her, nevertheless; scarcely seemed to concern her, in fact.

Was this maimed, motionless thing on the hospital bed herself, Milly, the clever little needlewoman? Was it she who had dwelt opposite the florist's window? She opened her eyes yet wider; it seemed a little lighter now. Was this the hospital? She had often wondered what a hospital might be like. There were people here who sighed and groaned around her; she had not noticed them before. It tired her to watch them now; had they all been run over in the street? she marveled. What sad, sad faces! What a room full of pain!

Clean it was everywhere, with tidy white bedclothes and whitewashed walls, and the sunshine coming in so that her head ached; she had never been used to much light or air. Nor to strangers, strange faces, strange voices. Ah, where was little Jim? And had he really come to her in her danger?

The tears began to trickle slowly down the child's pale cheeks.

"What is it, dear?" asked the nurse.

"Jim," said Milly, with quivering lips. "Oh, my little Jim—my own little Jim!"

"He shall come to you—presently—yes, very soon. I will give the order now."

The nurse murmured something to another nurse.

"Of course; there is no time to lose," was the answer.

But Milly heard not this.

The nurse returned.

"Shall I read to you?" she asked. "Are you in too much pain to listen?"

"No, read," said Milly, gently. "Only let it be about flowers."

"About flowers, dear?"

"Yes—about flowers," returned the child, dreamingly. "Are there flowers in heaven?"

"Surely. And we know that it is God's garden. He garners them there—even the poorest child flowers of this earth."

Then there was a cry.

"Oh, Milly, Milly! Oh! you will not die! Oh, promise me that you'll not die!"

It was Jim—Jim who had pressed close to the bed, who was sobbing as if his heart must burst. He stretched out his little wan hands. The doctor held him back and sought to quiet him. The weary occupants of other beds raised themselves up and tried to see the two children.

Milly moved as much as she was able. A gray shadow had passed over her face, making it almost unrecognizable, and sharp anguish distorted her features. Was this death? She knew not—she had no time to think. Only for him—only for Jim, the poor, homeless, friendless little crossing sweeper, he who had risked his own life for her—Milly's very temples throbbed with tumultuous thoughts.

"Oh, Milly, speak!" cried the boy in agony. "Why couldn't I die for you?"

"I am glad," murmured Milly's lips tremulously.

"But I'm not. Oh, it's cruel of you to be glad when I'm so sorry! Oh, I hate, hate, hate myself, that I couldn't save you. If I had only been stronger."

"Hush, hush," said the doctor and the nurse.

"Hush!" seemed to say an invisible presence.

The young girl's head had fallen back upon the pillow; the pain was passing out of her face. She turned yet more toward her little friend.

"Oh, Jim!" she gasped, "dear Jim," and then more faintly still: "The flowers—the flowers—think, Jim, in heaven the flowers—never—die!"

They let the little, ragged boy fling himself upon her now. Nothing could hurt her now, any more than it could cure her, or bring her back to thought, and speech, and love. Nor could anything alter or mar the tender radiance of the dead girl's face.—Lady Lindsay in Temple Bar.

Mrs. Fangle (who is reading the paper)—What are these Caledonian sports, dear?

Fangle—Caledonian sports are Scotch dudes.—Harper's Bazar.

RACE RIOT IN GEORGIA.

Deadly Conflict Between the Whites and Blacks.

JESSUP THE SEAT OF DISTURBANCE.

A Negro Desperado Shoots Down a White Official and the Trouble Begins—Another White Man Killed During the Riot—A Running Fight on Both Sides—Governor Gordon Orders the Brunswick Rifles to the Scene of the Trouble.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Dec. 26.—Upon the purity of Christmas Day there is a crimson stain, and out of peace and tranquility there has sprung up riot and disorder. Jessup, a little town about nine miles from this place, is the seat of the disturbance, and the dead are likely to number anywhere from eight to twenty. Another conflict of black and white, bitter and desperate, has thrown its influence over the day and filled it with apprehension, for at the present writing there is no telling how the trouble will end. Governor Gordon was telegraphed for aid, as the situation grew more and more threatening, and he ordered the Brunswick rifles to the scene of the trouble.

The reports of the origin of the trouble differ, but the most reliable story fixes "Bob" Brewer as the cause. Brewer is a notorious negro desperado and for years has been the terror of southwest Georgia. A giant in stature, full of dare-devil courage, and always heavily armed, he was a dangerous man to dispute.

Tried to Arrest Brewer.

He was in the town celebrating the day, carrying his inseparable Winchester. All went well until shortly after midday, when trouble originated in a crowd of negroes on the street. Some of them had been drinking, and were very boisterous. Brewer seemed to be one of the principals in the difficulty. Assistant Marshal Bromhall came up, and ordered the crowd to disperse. Some of the negroes quietly did so, but the more belligerent of the crowd showed a disposition to be ugly, Brewer among the number. He was very abusive and when Bromhall finally advanced toward him and ordered him to leave the town he leveled his rifle at the marshal and cried, "Halt!" Bromhall disregarded the command and continued to advance. He had almost reached the black desperado when the latter fired.

Bromhall Fell Mortally Wounded.

The whole affair passed in less time than it requires to tell, but as the officer fell several white witnesses rushed toward Brewer to secure him. One of these is supposed to have been W. S. Wood, who was shot and instantly killed. The blacks and whites at once separated as if by instinct, and the firing became general. Several women and children were near the place at the time, and added to the terror of the scene by their cries, as they fled. Every available point of shelter were utilized by the combatants, and the fusilade was started.

It is probable that when fuller accounts are received, the list of wounded will be very long. The whites fought desperately, and a grand rally drove the negroes out of town. It was a running fight, both sides keeping up the firing. The blacks then took shelter in a swamp and disappeared. Then the firing ceased. It was merely a plan of ambush, as was shown when one of the more venturesome of the pursuers was shot and killed. The swamp, however, was surrounded and bloody details are expected every moment.

Latest from the Seat of War.

Advices received from Jessup at midnight say: The situation is somewhat quieter at this hour, but an occasional shot is heard. The streets are still paraded by armed men. A negro was found dead in an alley a few minutes ago, and two wounded men are reported to be dying. Fears are now entertained for the safety of the people remaining in the neighboring towns, but as most of the belligerent negroes and whites seem to be congregated here very little danger need be apprehended.

Threatened to Burn the Town.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 26.—While officers were arresting a colored man Wednesday for disorderly conduct in a saloon other negroes interfered and attacked the officers, who thereupon fired, slightly wounding West Meriwether and fatally wounding Joe Foeman, both colored. After the officers had placed the rioters in jail a crowd of 500 negroes surrounded the building and threatened to break it down and release their comrades. Threats were also made of burning the town, as was done in 1878, and the whites were much terrified. The Clarksville guards were called out and are now at the court house.

Trouble at Nashville, Tenn.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 26.—A row between whites and blacks here Tuesday, in which pistols and knives were used, resulted in two white men and one negro being fatally injured. William Phelps had his skull cracked and will die. William Reyman was fatally injured by the explosion of a pistol, and Eli Cox, colored was fatally shot. An attempt was made to assassinate Sergeant of Police W. E. McAllister, but he succeeded in arresting his assailant. Ruff Fulton, colored, had his hand blown entirely off by the explosion of a pistol.

The Usual Christmas Accident.

TUSCOLA, Ill., Dec. 26.—At a Christmas entertainment at Bourbon, while Samuel Beardsley, a merchant of that place, was enacting the role of Santa Claus at the Baptist church his costume, which was composed principally of raw cotton, caught fire. He was instantly covered with a sheet of flame, and before the fire was extinguished he was seriously if not fatally burned. The accident threw the large audience into a panic, and the excitement was intensified by the burning man running through the crowd of ladies and children. The entertainment was broken up by the occurrence.

Paul Morton's New Job.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Paul Morton, general freight agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, has resigned his position, to take effect Feb. 1. His object in taking this step is to accept a flattering offer from the Colorado Coal and Fuel company and the White Breast Coal company of Illinois and Iowa, in which corporation he is to have an interest, besides holding the position of vice president and general executive officer. His successor as general freight agent of the Burlington will be Thomas Miller, the present general freight agent of the Burlington and Missouri river.

Discovered Another New Comet.

GENEVA, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Professor Brooks, director of Smith observatory, discovered a new comet Wednesday evening. Its position is: Right ascension 18 hours 23 minutes, declination north 24 degrees 40 minutes, with a slow westerly motion. The comet is bright and telescopic. This makes the third comet discovered this year by Professor Brooks.

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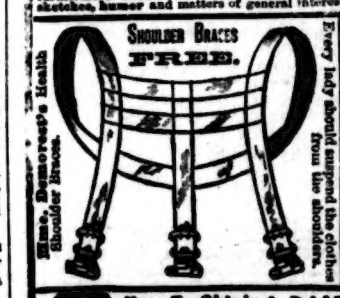

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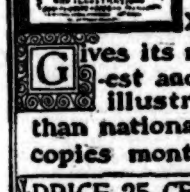

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A Wonderful Lily.

One sometimes hears of the wonderful productiveness of the golden lily—Lilium Auratum, Lindley. Some years ago an instance was recorded of one stalk, under cultivation, bearing no less than thirty-five flowers. This happened at Pitlour, in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1886. The record is quite beaten by a plant in the garden of a foreign resident at Karuizawa, which is now bearing no fewer than fifty-seven flowers on one stalk. The stalk itself is six feet high, and toward the upper end it flattens out, the buds hanging like keys on a board. The upper extremity is cleft. Room is thus allowed for the remarkable luxuriance of flowering just described. In The Far East of Sept. 16, 1872, it is stated: This summer there grew in the garden of Mr. G. C. Pearson, on the Bluff (No. 111), Yokohama, two stems from one bulb. One was a fair specimen of the ordinary flowering of the plant, having eighteen flowers upon it; but the other, upon a broad, flat stem, about an inch and a half in width, but thin as a lath, had no less than sixty-three buds, of which fifty-two were in full flower at one time.—Japan Weekly Mail.

A Nice Pocket Piece.

FRANKLIN, Ky., Dec. 26.—Wily White took a dull knife and cut Andy Parker's ear off. He had Andy's ear in his pocket when arrested. Both parties are colored.

Red Tape in Railroading.

"Talk about red tape in railroading! I got tangled up in it while in New York," remarked State Attorney Mitchell.

"We took a train on a little railroad to one of the summer resorts, and Mrs. Mitchell, feeling ill, I asked the brakeman to turn one of the seats for us. He said he would like to accommodate me, but I would have to speak to the conductor. I spoke to the conductor, and he declared that he would be delighted to accommodate me, but I would have to get an order from the superintendent.

"So I telegraphed to the superintendent, and got an order to turn the seat. I gave the order to the conductor, the conductor passed it over to the brakeman, and the brakeman turned the seat."—Indianapolis News.

How Matches Are Made in Greece.

When a young Greek determines to take a wife to himself he does not go a-courting, but he takes his oldest female relative into his confidence, and they at once go hunting for a suitable mate for him. Marriageable maidens are visited and silently appraised. They receive the old dames courteously, answer all their questions, and never venture to ask the nature of their errand. As soon as the visitors have made a choice, the wooer dispatches them again to the maiden's home with instructions to ask her hand in marriage.—Exchange.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

SIMPLE ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE POPULAR DITTIES.

History of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" and How It Came to Be Written. Other Well Known Songs—One Written with Finger Nails on a Window Sill.

The man who perpetrated that musical atrocity, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" has been discovered. His name is Joe Sullivan. He is an actor. This is the only thing he ever wrote.

Frank Harding, the New York music pulisher, tells the story of how and where the author obtained his inspiration.

Tom O'Driscoll, the harum scarum grandson of old Murtagh O'Driscoll, of Cobbynaul, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, was famous for his personal peculiarities. One of these was an aversion to wearing a "caubeen." It was Tom's delight to wander through the country bareheaded and barefooted. The fact that he wore no shoes excited no comment, but his refusal to wear a hat was a distress to his family. The fact is that Tom did not really need a hat, for he had been provided by nature with a shock of luxuriant red hair. He was known for miles around as the red headed man, and his adornment brought down upon Tom the anger of his grandfather, Murtagh.

Just before his death old Murtagh conceived an idea which he was almost certain would bring his erring grandson to his "sivin sinnall sinses," and a few days afterward he died.

Tom refused to wear a hat, even at the funeral. On the return of the family from the churchyard, the will was opened and read by Father O'Hoolahan, and, to the surprise of all, it was found that Tom inherited everything, including the big stocking of "goold," that could be found "bechune the tick and the boulster in the ould four posther," on condition that for the remainder of his natural life he should wear his grandfather's hat on all occasions in the open air.

This was regarded as a very hard condition by Tom, but, possessing his share of good common sense, he accepted the inevitable and presented himself on the following Sunday at church wearing old Murtagh's hat. His appearance was ludicrous in the extreme. Having neglected to get his hair cut, the hat was perched on the top of his remarkable crop of bushy and fiery hair, and the the roars of laughter with which he was saluted made Tom almost wish he had not accepted the onerous condition of his grandfather's will. From all sides came jibes and cries of derision, the principal salutation being, "Mother o' Moses! Where did you get that hat?"

During a recent trip in Ireland Mr. Sullivan heard the story as related above, and, after a good deal of hard thinking, he produced the song, the title of which has since become a household word throughout the country. An excellent yet simple piano arrangement was made for it by William Lorraine, a mere lad of 16, which materially aided its impetus to popularity. By the way, Lorraine is recognized among musicians generally as one of the most efficient arrangers of comic and sentimental music in this country. This song is an illustration of what a single phrase will do in popularizing a ditty. There is, of course, nothing of a decided literary merit to commend it. It does not even possess the distinction of good rhyme. But it has an original jingle of melody and an easy arrangement that go far in making it a "go" with the public. A number of songs have suddenly sprung into celebrity which had grown dusty in the obscurity of the publishers' shelves.

Among these might be mentioned Mullaly's pretty song, "Mottoes on the Wall," Klenk's "Only a Picture," Mitchell's "Where Can the Wanderer Be?" and C. A. White's tender romanza, "Marguerite." White seems to be the most prolific of American composers in the sentimental vein. With the exception, perhaps, of Will S. Hays, he is also the oldest native song writer. Mr. White is a resident of Boston, and they say he has amassed nearly half a million of dollars through the sale of his songs. His latest and most successful inspiration was the now celebrated "Marguerite," which is being sung by all the romantic maidens in the country.

It is a fact not generally known that "Marguerite" was written while the author was suffering from cerebral troubles superinduced by overwork. The original text and melody he conceived while confined to his home and lying at death's door. Forbidden by his family physician the use of paper and pencil, the veteran composer scratched with his finger nails upon the paint of the window sill the rough outlines of the melody of his famous song, and on his recovery he had it transcribed and arranged. For a long time "Marguerite" lay upon the shelves and failed to strike a popular chord, but within the past six months the song has commended itself so universally that it is difficult to supply the demand.

It seems that the name "Marguerite" is a prolific theme with poets and musical composers. There are no fewer than six different "Marguerite" songs upon the market to-day. In the more classic vein, Helmud's German love ditty, "Margaritha," is eminently a favorite, while "Farewell, Marguerite," by Boardman, is an exceedingly popular song of today, and White's "My Marguerite of Long Ago" bids fair to rival his better known production of a like character.

Comic songs, as a rule, are short lived. This is because they depend mainly for their popularity upon single phrases which catch the eye of the public and are repeated in daily conversation until they become antiquities. With the decay of the phrases which form the keynote to success the song dies. Sometimes the most mediocre comic songs attain a large circulation merely on the strength of a popular idiom, although they may be full of grammatical and harmonic crudities. Notwithstanding this some of the compositions attain to enormous sales.—Sidney Rosenfeld in New York Mail and Express.

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Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggist.

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Div. No. 15—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 327 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 21 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan, Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—Pres., P. E. Flanagan, 3741 Butterfield st; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hessly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3726 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

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FREAKS OF FASCINATION.

Each Man Has His Ideal, and, Very Fortunately, Tastes Differ.

Dame Nature plays strange freaks with men's minds. If one of the many enterprising newspapers of the day was to inaugurate a competition in which every man had to give an accurate description of the kind of woman most prone to fascinate him, many readers would, I think, be astonished.

Noah Webster's definition of the word fascination is, "The exercise of a powerful or irresistible influence on the affections and passions," and he gives as secondary explanation, "Unseen, inexplicable influence, witchcraft, enchantment." In the words "inexplicable influence" the learned doctor seems to have summed up neatly the whole question. Who can explain what is frequently the case, that of two men of as nearly as possible the same cast of mind, the one will find a woman irresistibly fascinating, while on the other she might not exert the slightest attractive influence? Such a problem is as hard to solve as why the guileless rabbit, instead of putting his best leg forward and making a bolt, circles round the snake, which he knows only too well intends to make a meal of him.

The wise heathen Aristotle said: "No man loves but that he is first delighted with comeliness and beauty, and beauty is for the most part the bait which lures a victim into the meshes of the snare, but not always." Dr. Webster, too, seems to imply by his definition that in the power of fascination, whether exercised by man or woman, there lurks a certain sexual affinity. Yet one of the most fascinating women of history was Germaine Necker, afterwards Mme. de Stael, though contemporaneous record tells us that she was anything but a beauty, and that her dress was not only hideous, but sinned against every principle of good taste.

Women, however, whose names will be handed down to posterity as having founded noted salons, or having provided the magnetic influence to gather a brillant coterie of wit and talent, have, for the most part, been beautiful. "Beauty is the common object of all love: as jets draw a straw, so doth beauty love." Beauty will always attract, at any rate momentarily; but most men, if they find that a lovely face is but a mask covering a void cranium, will cease to flutter around the flame. There are, however, striking exceptions to this rule on record.

Perhaps the best instance is that of the infatuation of Prince Maurice de Talleyrand, once Abbe de Perigord and bishop of Autun, for that lovely blonde, Mme. Grant, afterward Mme. Talleyrand. Her gross stupidity was proverbial, and furnished amusement for the salons of Mme. de Stael and others, which her husband frequented.

But in the majority of cases something more is necessary than comeliness of face to really fascinate men, especially such men as the "Prince of Diplomats," and this something is the instinctive faculty which enables a woman to adapt her mind to and enter into the spirit of her companion for the time being.

Thus, in my own experience, I have seen a learned professor discoursing eloquently on the scupture of ancient Greece to a young lady whose tastes were in reality centered in dogs and horses. Had he known her true proclivities, he would have stood aghast at such utter barbarism; yet such was her genial, sympathetic influence on his mind that he pronounced her the most charming of her sex—second only, of course, to his stout and learned wife. Had the intercourse been indefinitely prolonged, doubtless the potency of the spell would have vanished; for, in reality, there was little or nothing in common between the two minds.

The power of fascination inherent in woman may, however, be divided into two kinds. All of us have seen the old lady, generally white haired, with kindly, pleasant features, on which time has set no unfriendly mark, who still retains all her attractiveness. Note how the boys and girls adore her; they will go to her and confide their sorrows, their hopes, their ambitions, even when they would not breathe a word to their mothers. The kindly, living interest in a lad's affairs by such an one has time and again first implanted the impulses in his heart which eventually led him on to an honorable career. Quickly, almost by stealth, the good is done by such, and the good seed sown which will ripen in after time into a rich and abundant crop.

On the other hand, we have most of us seen, perhaps in real life, certainly on the stage, the fascinating adventuress who, by her enthralling beaute de diable, enslaves men's souls and leads them (on the stage) to dare all for her sake. Such is directly opposed to the sweet old lady in her old fashioned chair, and these two form the opposite poles between which the women who fascinate vary.—Francis Trevelyan in Saturday Review.

The First Lightning Rod.

Everybody believes that Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightning rod. In this one particular everybody is mistaken. The first lightning catcher was not invented by the great philosopher, but by a poor monk of Seuttenberg, Bohemia, who put up the first lightning rod on the palace of the curator of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The name of the inventive monk was Prohop Dilwisch. The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod, supporting twelve curved branches and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore and inclosed by a wooden box-like cover, traversed by twenty-seven iron pointed rods, the bases of which found a resting place in the ore box. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Dilwisch, jealous of his success, excited peasants of the locality against him, and, under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventer imprisoned. Years afterwards M. Melsen used the multiple pointed rod as an invention of his own.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dead Deer's Kick.

I saw a most beautiful game picture this season while hunting with A. H. Maynard on Vancouver Island. As I reached the summit of a mountain I saw within fifty yards from me a flat, oval rock, some ten feet across, covered with bright green moss. In the center of this mossy couch a 2-year-old buck lay with his left side toward me, his head erect, his large eyes glistening. I instantly covered him with my rifle. Then the true sportsman part of my nature came up and prevented me from pressing the trigger. I held the rifle in position and studied the picture, which was one that even a Landseer or Vogt could not faithfully portray—the combination of shades of the dark evergreens in the background and the brilliant coloring of the mossy carpet that covered the rocks, then the deer as it lay there a model of symmetry and alertness.

As my arm began to tire in holding out the gun, the old Norse feeling took possession of me. A quick glance along the sights, a pressure of the trigger, then the report and the air was full of smoke, and the beautiful deer lay on its side motionless. I approached it and saw that the bullet had gone true to its aim and entered the neck near the shoulder. I laid my rifle down, stepped on the rock and took it by the hind legs to turn it, so that its head would hang over the edge of the rock as I bled it. The next moment I was where—no matter where. It's nobody's business but my own—and the deer's—where I was, whether reclining or erect, head or heels up. Whew! but talk about a mule's kicking, no double team of mules could kick out as that dead deer did. I picked myself up and also picked up my gun hastily. There lay the deer apparently dead. I cautiously approached it again and punched its head with my rifle. Not a move. Then I touched his shoulder, which caused a slight quivering of the muscles of the shoulder and forward. I touched his hindquarters; then how his heels flew out. There it lay without further motion. I stooped over and placed my hand over its heart and felt it beat, and came near getting my head kicked off, which caused that kind of nonsense to be summarily stopped.—Forest and Stream.

A Headless Ghost.

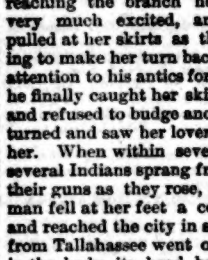
The negroes living on Craig's Branch, just south of Tallahassee, Fla., says The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, are very much exercised over the appearance of a ghost in that neighborhood. It is described as a tall, headless man, dressed in flowing white robes, and has been seen by several of the negroes walking alongside the branch, as though in search of some lost object, evidently his head.

An aged negro man, who has lived there many years, says that about sixty years ago a beautiful young lady, daughter of a wealthy citizen of Tallahassee, went out one bright Sabbath, accompanied by her Newfoundland dog, for a walk to Craig's Branch, plucking wild flowers along the wayside. Just before reaching the branch her dog became very much excited, and tugged and pulled at her skirts as though attempting to make her turn back. She paid no attention to his antics for some time, and he finally caught her skirt in his teeth and refused to budge another inch. She turned and saw her lover coming toward her. When within several feet of her several Indians sprang from cover, firing their guns as they rose, and the young man fell at her feet a corpse. She ran and reached the city in safety. A party from Tallahassee went out and brought in the body, its head being completely riddled with buckshot. This old negro says he has seen the ghost on several occasions.

Collapse of Falstaff's Stomach.

This is the way Hackett, the most noted of modern Falstaffs, had a bad joke played on him in an Edinburgh theatre. On this particular occasion, in one of his great scenes, Hackett found that his stomach began to collapse. He wore, as all Falstaffs do, an immense paunch, which, in Hackett's case, was made of a wind bag. It was found that a stuffed "stomach" in hot weather was a terrific burden to an actor, and at last some costumer invented one which fitted the dress to perfection, but was filled with air. The wearer blew it up, screwed on the top and then it was all right. One of Hackett's enemies this evening had pricked a hole in his false abdomen, not large enough to make it collapse all at once, but by degrees, and Hackett found at the end of one scene that he was not quite as stout as he was before, and said to his dressing man: "This is not all right; I feel a looseness; see if this screw is not unfastened." Everything was apparently in order, and he went on again. He continued to decrease in size, till at last there came a rush of wind and the stomach disappeared altogether, the actor finishing the scene as best he could and the audience convulsed with laughter.—Philadelphia Press.

CATARRH



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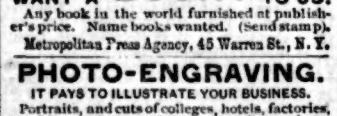
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